THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1746 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 8, 1933

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 8, 1933

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

Mr. and Mrs. Mollison Mobbed by Admiring Crowds on Pendine Sands while Waiting for Favourable Weather Conditions for their 12,000-Mile Flight

Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, undaunted by the accident to their Atlantic 'plane *Seafarer* when leaving Croydon on June 8, arrived with their newly-repaired machine at Pendine Sands, Carmarthenshire, on Monday night. Here on this seven-mile stretch of beach the Mollisons have found what they consider to be the ideal taking-off ground, which they hope will allow of the *Seafarer* lifting its immense load of 400 gallons of petrol without mishap. On Tuesday huge holiday crowds welcomed the couple and, judging by the above picture, gave them very little peace. Unfortunately the start of their flight was delayed by adverse weather conditions, and on Wednesday morning the take-off was again postponed. Better reports, however, are likely to arrive at any moment, and by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers the adventurers will probably be winging their way across the Atlantic. Mr. and Mrs. Mollison intend to make a direct ocean crossing to New York, and with only a few hours' rest in America will, if all is well, take off on an attempt on the world's long-distance record. They will cross the South Atlantic to the North African coast and then follow a route through Syria and Iraq to Baghdad, thus completing a non-stop journey of 6,000 miles. If successful they will beat the record set up in February by the R.A.F. Cape flyers, Gayford and Nicholetts

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

LONDON'S GREAT TRANSPORT CHANGE-OVER: Trams, buses, and district motor coaches seen passing one another on Westminster Bridge last Saturday morning—the first day on which the co-ordination of London's transport services became effective. The overground vehicles are now combined with the Underground and Metropolitan Railways under the designation L.P.T.B.

L.P.T.B.: An employee posting up a notice at Charing Cross Underground Station announcing the transference of London's railways, tramways, buses, and coaches to the control of the Transport Board

HEADQUARTERS: The very unostentatious entrance to 55, Broadway, where Lord Ashfield and his Board now control London's co-ordinated transport services. Throughout the week workmen have been engaged in painting the words "London Passenger Transport Board" on the vehicles affected by the new scheme

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 5, 1933.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

—The venue chosen for the Unionist Associations to discuss the Government's Indian policy — the Friends' House, Euston Road—had its influence on the proceedings. The bitterest opponents of the Government's policy (and there are no more uncompromising opponents and trenchant speakers than Mr. Churchill and Lords Carson and Lloyd) were obviously under the influence of it, and, possessing among the three of them a big share of humour, they prefaced their remarks with an assurance of friendship or roared (relatively speaking) like sucking doves. The meeting and its voting figures revealed that the "revolt" was by no means exaggerated and that Mr. Churchill's followers represented nearly 30 per cent. of the party, but Mr. Baldwin was from the first in a strong position, for he did not invite the party to approve the White Paper, but merely to postpone a final judgment on it until the Select Committee had made its recommendations on it. In a word, this meeting of friends in effect decided by a handsome majority that Mr. Churchill, Lord Lloyd, and Sir H. Page Croft were ill-advised or ungracious to refuse service on the Select Committee. And that is a very different thing, technically a very much less contentious question than the larger one. You may say it comes to the same thing, but politics is after all nowadays a matter of formulæ. Well, there it is. "All friends here, I hope?"

CHATSWORTH AND ROYALTY.

—Nearly a century ago the young Queen Victoria paid a long and important visit to Chatsworth, where the King and Queen have lately stayed. The party was enormous, the visit a notable one. History repeats itself, and Haddon was visited by all the house-party then as now. In those days the great glass house designed by Paxton (who was chosen to imitate it on a grand scale for the Great Exhibition) still stood at Chatsworth and formed the centre of the revels. It was illuminated with coloured lights, pink and blue fountains cascaded in it, and the Queen drove right into it in her carriage. She danced country dances, and was as jolly and informal as before her marriage. The house party of December, 1843, was very Whiggish, the Dukes of Wellington and Buccleuch being the only Tories present. The former, when he saw the coloured cascades, was "in ecstasy, and remarked, 'I have seen Versailles and all the great places, but nothing so grand as this.'" (I quote from an unpublished letter of my grandfather who was there.) It was estimated that the visit cost the Duke £9,000, and that 7,000 wax candles were burned. The glass house was blown up a few years ago. Paxton's larger and more famous model is at Sydenham. It is called the Crystal Palace, by the way!

A LON NEW

EVEREST TRIUMPHS.

—The Everest Land Expedition has ended, as for some time we have known it must end, in glorious failure. It was all up after the monsoons broke. The snowfalls have been heavy, the avalanche danger greater than normal, the porters' splendid patience was exhausted, and the protagonists had reached the limit of endurance. Everest remains unconquered, its proud crown is still untrodden by the feet of men, and one more notable item is added to the glorious list of human achievements. For, after all, splendid failure is in a sense nobler than success and life is empty indeed when there are no worlds left to conquer. The earth has of late grown mean and small, and I am glad in a way that it holds out still one mystery for the all-conquering race of men.

ON REVIENT TOUJOURS . .

— Dean Inge, who is seventy-three years old, is to retire shortly and intends, if he can find a suitable house, to spend the years of his leisure at Oxford. A man, it is said, returns always to his first love, and undoubtedly Oxford is Dean Inge's first love and spiritual home. His father was long Provost of Worcester College, and though Dean Inge went from Eton to Cambridge he soon mended his ways and, after a brief spell as an "usher" at Eton, he came back to the city of his youth as fellow and tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. In 1893 he was chosen as select preacher at Oxford and again in 1903. He was an examiner for school certificates somewhere about 1901 and travelling out from Oxford to a certain public school he had the melancholy duty of ploughing for that high honour the anonymous author of these ill-constructed sentences. I can still recall his few rather damping observations on my scholarship, and I can still remember the somewhat chilly handshake with which our brief interview ended. I was very young and succeeded next year. And I forgave the Dean long ago. Perhaps it was my lack of scholarship which helped to earn him his title of gloomy. At heart he is no more gloomy than the next man. A genial humanity can beacon in his eye. Oxford has need of him. He will be at home there. And what a snub for self-satisfied and virtuous Cambridge!

THE CONFERENCE.

—Time and again we have been warned not to despair and not to pass on our pessimism. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt's flat refusal to consider his own pet item on the agenda is the unkindest cut the Conference has received. Everything done and hoped to be done in three weeks of talk and hard work was based on the expectation of a general agreement being reached on the temporary stabilization of the exchanges. The President, in his terrific gamble to pull America through her material and psychological crisis, now realizes that he dare not pledge in advance his last reserves. He dare not stabilize he dare not fix at a figure, howsoever depressed, sinoe he may be called on to depress still lower. America comes first, the rest of the world way back. We cannot blame him for his decision; we may criticize the stages by which it was reached and the manner in which it was made public. But for the rest of the nations to charge America with selfish nationalism would be ridiculous.

AND AFTER?

—Whatever the result of the W.E.C., whether industry revive or not, whether the nations disarm or rearm, whether America concedes the debt question or no, the time is coming when domestic politics will once more dispute interest with world politics. Here in England we are only a stage behind the rest of Europe in political evolution; it is a habit of ours. When therefore we revert to domestic politics, we may toy with party tactics for a year or so, but

DON SLETTER

every thoughtful man knows that in due course we must taste (sip or gulp) what the Continent is now gulping down. One does not return to oligarchy or the age of privilege after giving the vote to the flapper. But the word dictator is new to our ears and people are only beginning to define its meaning. It is with surprise that they discover that a dictatorship implies the triumph of force and can only result from civil war. The force employed may be innocent of blood, but never can a dictatorship be evolved from democracy save by force and civil war. The end of democracy comes when fundamental issues are reached. Where exactly the line is drawn between fundamentals and not-fundamentals, it is hard to say. The change in a nation's fiscal policy is apparently below the danger line; interference beyond a certain point in individual freedom of thought and action is above it. We are likely soon to hear much talk of substitutes for an unworkable democracy and alternatives to dictatorships. And one such, which is already whispered, is in theory more acceptable to a nation of our temper: a small cabinet, a political triumvirate. One hears and could devise various components of such triumvirates to succeed to the present type of National Government in course of time. I have heard of Winston and Sir S. Cripps linked with one other. My own combination would be a fearless Conservative business man pledged to government economy (the Horne type), a Liberal statesman, and a sane Socialist of experience possessed of a knowledge of history. But the curious fact obtrudes itself, that the young men are *not* coming to the fore. The most extraordinary political "come-back" is Sir Austen's. One had imagined that after his last term as Foreign Secretary his day of authority was over. But not at all.

"CHARLES GORE LECTURES."—The late Bishop Gore's best remembered and best loved work was done at Westminster Abbey. And the finest memorial to his memory—a memorial which he would have valued and approved—will be an endowment for a series of annual lectures to be called the "Charles Gore Lectures," to be given by some eminent man on one or other of the subjects which he there made his own. Tablets in brass or memorials in stone raised to his memory or in his name he would never have approved but that the work he loved should be carried on in the Abbey he loved—*that* he would have approved, and his name henceforth will be eternally linked with the Abbey whose appeal to Christians he was so largely responsible for reviving. Only a very small sum is now required for this endowment. Some has already been subscribed. The public is invited to find £1,500, in contributions howsoever small or large. Donations should be sent to Sir Edward Knapp-Fisher, Receiver-General's Office, Sanctuary, S.W. I am convinced that every admirer of Bishop Gore and his work will see to it that he or she has part and lot in this admirable endowment.

AS FRANCE SEES US.—The creator of *Col. Bramble* is regarded by Englishmen as one of themselves, that *rara avis*, a Frenchman who understands and even appreciates the English character. On that account a timely essay by M. Maurois in the *Echo* invites our interest. M. Maurois therein sought to fix the picture of the typical Englishman as the Frenchman has painted it for generations. The chief feature in the portrait is our "respect for force," our "invincible tenacity"—that is, John Bull-dog, the basic symbolism of the picture. Second comes the Englishman's particular kind of claustrophobia, the hatred or dread of being committed in advance to a decision, of exactly constructing the future—that is, the ostrich. Third, national unity; this virtue is derived from a vice, the vice of not taking too seriously political or religious differences of opinion, the vice of cynical indifference to serious things—that is, the butterfly. Fourth, our capacity for happiness. It is ultimately derived apparently from the fact that as a nation we have never been beaten, hence our easy leisure, our holiday air, our superb pose of unstudied amateurism—that is, the lily of the field. And last, having fixed his portrait, M. Maurois lightheartedly undoes his work. The modern Frenchman, says he, believes that post-War England is a changed country. M. Maurois dismisses the idea.

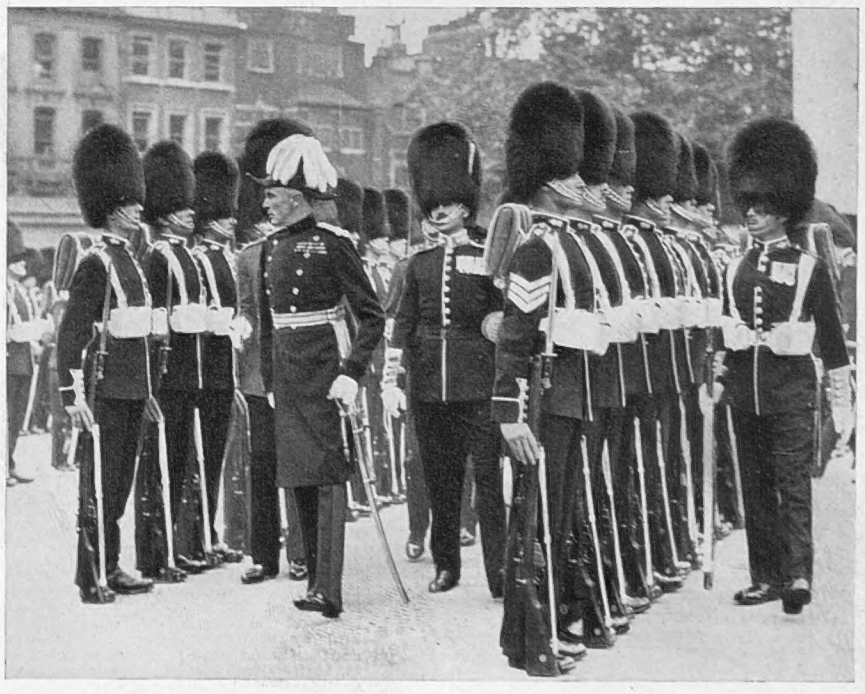
A LITTLE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY.—Lord Warwick's decision to let Warwick Castle by the year or for a term will put to the proof the question of whether or no in England or America there still exist rich men capable and desirous of renting huge medieval castles with their attendant expenses, on the score of their historical associations and the kudos those associations confer on the tenant. Those great towers—Cæsar's Tower is any age and Guy's is fourteenth century—and all the vast ramification of masonry which links them house a huge museum of English social life, and the tenant of Warwick will share the feast with the British public which has regular access to all but the private rooms. Yet even these rooms abut on the apartments open to the public; the tenant and his guests must listen to the tramp of tourists' feet, skirt past ropes and rails, and endure the fire of staring eyes and whispered commentaries. But to some it is pleasurable to be stared at, and if I had the income from a spare million in the 4 per cents. I should be tempted to become *pro tem*, if only for that matchless view along the Avon, the tenant of Guy's Tower and Cæsar's and the various architectural amendments and additions made between 1400 and 1870.

HIGHLAND LETTINGS.—There are rumours afloat that the recent drought in the Highlands has had a bad effect on the grouse prospects in Perthshire. In that county and in Aberdeenshire there have been good grouse years in recent times. But in the western Highlands bumper years have been rare; 1922 is still the last high-water mark. The lettings are hopeful in these parts nevertheless, and more forward than usual. The tendency to hang back to the last has been checked by more reasonable demands for rent. Lord Lovat's properties are already let; Lord Dulverton has continued his tenancy of the Cawdor Moors and Drynachen Lodge; Sir Alexander Grant now occupies two or three of the most attractive smaller shootings in the Nairn area, and generally, while smaller places all over Scotland have let early and well, several of the larger white elephants have received hopeful inquiries.

THE OLD STAGER

RIVERSIDE REFLECTIONS: A May Queen and her retinue caught by the camera after last week's picturesque flower service at Beddington Parish Church. May Queens representing the various metropolitan areas attended and were afterwards inspected by Miss Josephine Bradley, this year's May Queen of London

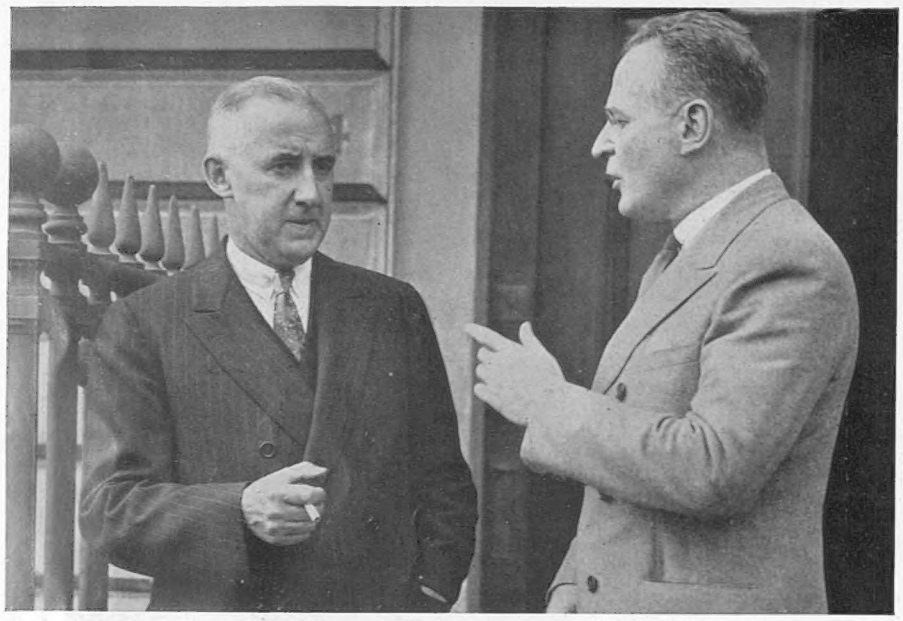
"THE PIRATES OF PORTSMOUTH": Naval shipwrights hauling the 100 ft. junk from its shed at Haslar Creek, Portsmouth, where it has been built for the coming Navy Week Display. The "junk," manned by pirates, will re-stage a recent naval encounter on the Yangtse-Kiang



AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: Major-General Grant, G.-O.-C. London Command, inspecting the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. The regiment, which was founded in 1657, was given the added title of Grenadiers in honour of its heroic stand at "Waterloo." It bears the unusual nickname of the "Coalheavers"

THE CONFERENCE CRISIS

CORNERED: The Canadian Premier, Mr. R. B. Bennett, discussing with two Conference journalists the probable effects of Mr. Roosevelt's surprise rejection of the "Gold Declaration." The President's attitude appears to have changed very considerably since Mr. MacDonald's visit to Washington



A POWER BEHIND THE WHITE HOUSE: Professor Moley (left), Mr. Roosevelt's strong man and most intimate political associate, chatting with Mr. Herbert Swope in London last week. Professor Moley, as the interpreter of the President's opinions with regard to the Conference, was, it is understood, considerably surprised by his chief's remarkable change of attitude

M. MAISKY'S SMILE OF TRIUMPH

M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, chatting with Madame Litvinoff at the Society of Cultural Relations Garden Party at the King Alfred School, North End Road, Golders Green. As the controller of Soviet affairs in London M. Maisky has considerable cause for satisfaction. In return for the release of the British prisoners Macdonald and Thornton, the Anglo-Russian trade embargo has been lifted—a bargain with which Moscow is quite evidently well pleased

SCENES UNDER

A TRIPLE CEREMONY: A general view of the crowded scene at last Monday's H.R.H. conducted similar ceremonies at Chiswick and Twickenham, thus bri 1909 In the last twenty years the Prince has been connected with ceremoni bridges in an hour is certainly unique in his experience and probab

THE INDIAN EMPIRE AND EASTERN GARDEN PARTY: A section of the 5,000 guests at Hurlingham Club last week. Several maharajahs and rajahs were present. Owing to the great heat silk hats were not so numerous as usual

THE JULY SUN

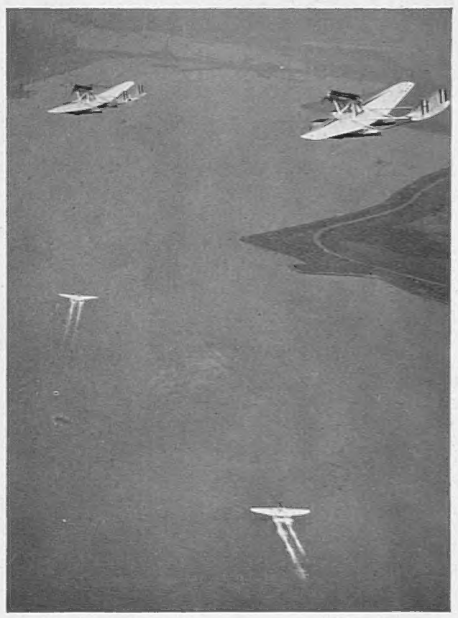
opening of Hampton Court Bridge by the Prince of Wales. Earlier in the afternoon ing to a conclusion on one day a triple scheme which was projected as long ago as extending over practically every phase of public life, but the opening of three in that of any other man. (Views of the bridges appear on p. 53)

REHEARSING FOR THE ALHAMBRA'S LAST SHOW: Irina Baronova, the fifteen-year-old prima ballerina, and Yorck Shabelevsky of the "Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo," who appear in the famous theatre's last presentation. The building is shortly to be demolished

THE ATLANTIC ARMADA

GENERAL BALBO, Italy's intrepid Air Minister, discussing with his fellow officers the final arrangements for the flight of the great "Air Armada" to the Chicago World's Fair. Nearly 100 airmen and 24 seaplanes are taking part in the most spectacular mass Atlantic crossing ever attempted

AN AIRMAN'S FAREWELL: General Balbo embraces General Valle, who this time is not taking part in the flight, before stepping aboard his launch at Orbetello to be conveyed to his waiting 'plane

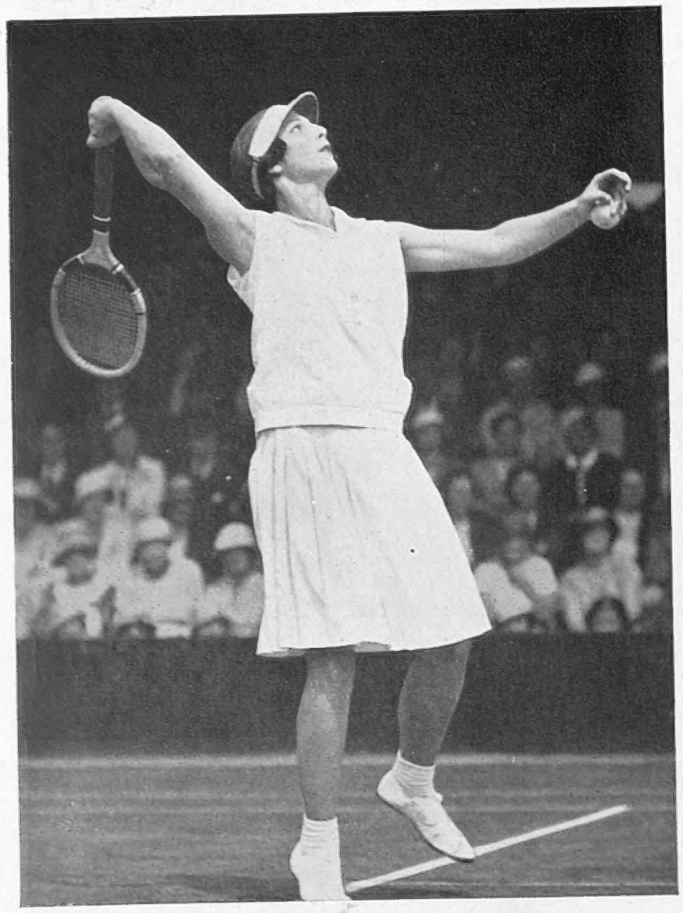


THE ARMADA AT AMSTERDAM: Two of the twenty-four seaplanes flying over the harbour at the conclusion of the first stage of the flight. Two others are seen coming to rest in the water

TRAGEDY IN AMSTERDAM HARBOUR

After a flight of nearly seven hours the flotilla of twenty-four Italian seaplanes arrived safely over Amsterdam harbour. During the landing operations, however, the *I-Dini* (seen above) hit the water with unusual violence and in a few seconds turned completely over. The machine was destroyed and a mechanic lost his life through being imprisoned in the wreckage

WIMBLEDON APPROACHES ITS CLIMAX



A GRAND SLAM INVULNERABLE: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody (in play against Madame Henrotin). Like her two predecessors, Suzanne and Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the champion appears to be in a class by herself. It is said she is slow-footed: she can afford to be! She has not yet lost one set!

YORKSHIRE: Miss Margaret Scriven (in her match against Miss Nuthall), a left-hander with a punch on the forehand but a weak backhand. Give her two more years of Wimbledon and—Margaret is as good a name for a queen as Helen!

THE ROYAL VISIT TO WIMBLEDON: The match from the Royal Box on the championships. This was the Queen's days, and lasted

King a
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BRITAIN'S No. 1, seeded No. 2, plays the prettiest lawn tennis of anyone on the court—except on Sundays! Her name is Miss Dorothy E. Round

THE SECOND HELEN: Miss Jacobs, a "made" rather than a "born" player. She mixes chops with flat drives. Always a dangerous opponent

A FIGHTER FROM FRANCE: Mme Mathieu, perhaps the best "made" player on the courts. She is indefatigable

FOLLOWING THE BRITISH STARS: A large crow third round duel with Miss N. M. Lyle. Mis easily, and held the thir

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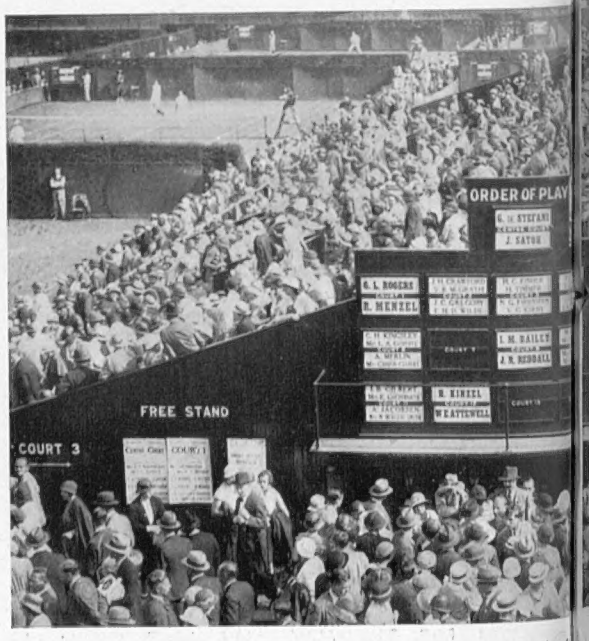
WOMEN STARS IN THE LAST EIGHT

On left—THE MORE YOU RUN HER THE BETTER SHE PLAYS! Fräulein Krahwinkel, whose retrieving powers excel even Miss Heeley's and who thrives on marathon races and marathon matches. *Centre*—SPIN FROM ITALY: Signorina Valerio, like G. P. Hughes, is an exponent of the cut. Her service curls away out of court—until it suits her to hit with a flat racket and ace her opponent. *On right*—A SWISS STAR: Mlle Payot, who, for four games, out-drove the champion. She packs the wickedest forehand in all women's—and most men's—tennis. Did she frighten Helen? Not quite, but what an advertisement for mountain air and milk chocolate!



WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE: The great indicat the courts on which they are due to be played. A we several

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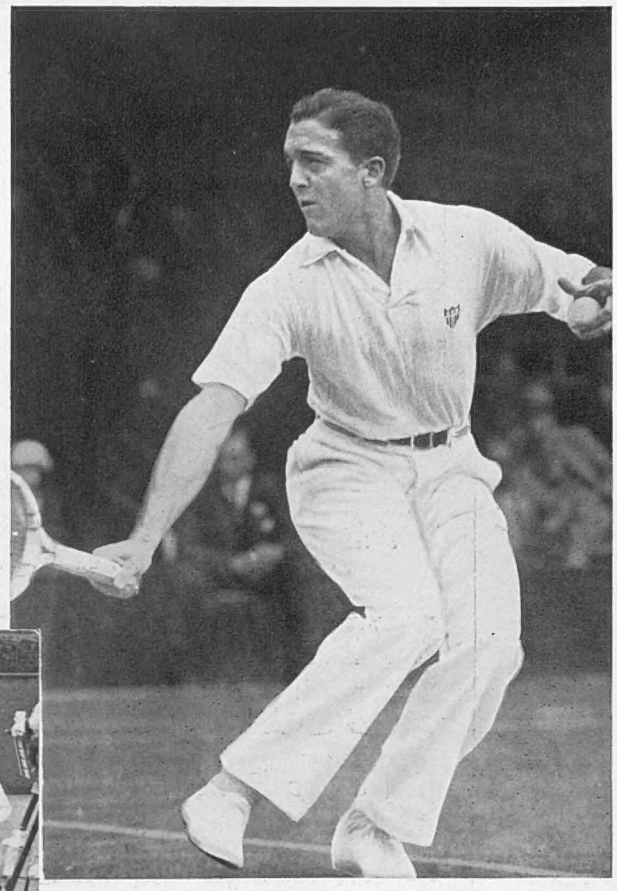
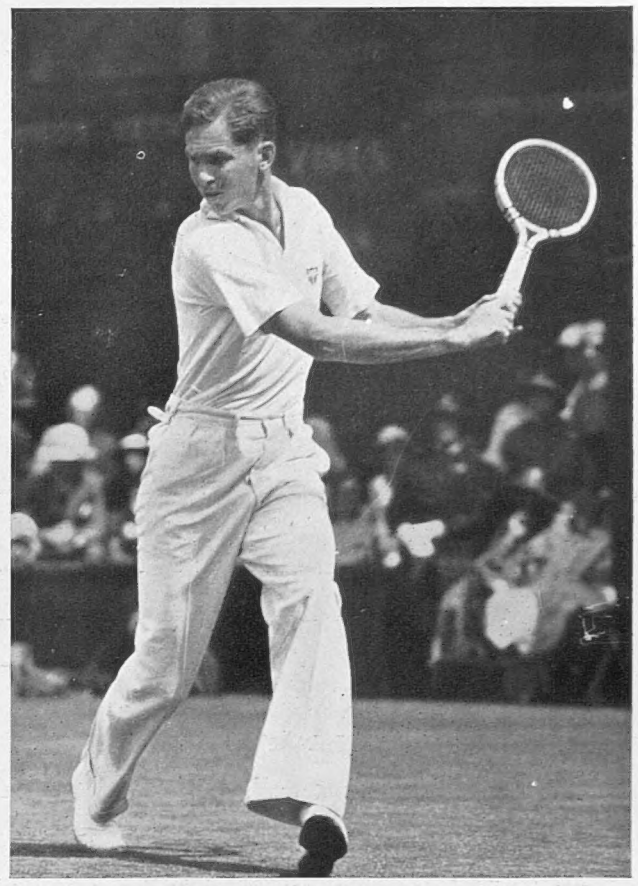
SURVIVORS OF THE FIRST WEEK

King and Queen watching the Vines-Prenn concluding day of the first week of the second visit to the Centre Court in two nearly five hours

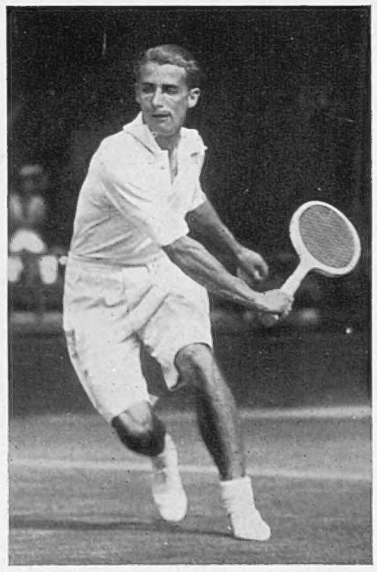


AMERICA'S SECOND STRING BEATEN BY HUGHES! C. S. Sutter came to grief at the hands of Hughes who, for an hour, blossomed into a singles player. There is a wide gulf between America's No. 1 (Vines) and their No. 3 seen above

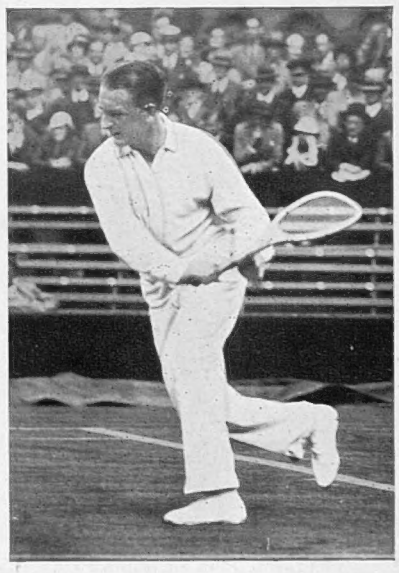


ELLSWORTH VINES, who is making a bold attempt to secure his second Wimbledon triumph. He has dropped a set or two in his progress and his record of match play in the past year is not unassailable. The only way to beat him is to stand in close to his cannon-balls and volley everything

on an outer court watching Miss Peggy Scriven's Scriven dropped the first set, won the second by the narrow margin of 9-7



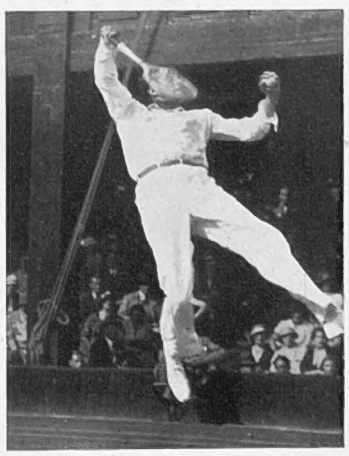
SHORT SHRIFT was given to H. W. Austin by Jiro Satoh although the match ran to five sets. Did Satoh remember Austin's old weakness?



DOWN UNDER ON TOP? Jack Crawford (Australia) is the "tipped" champion. He can play drop shots as delicately as he can smash

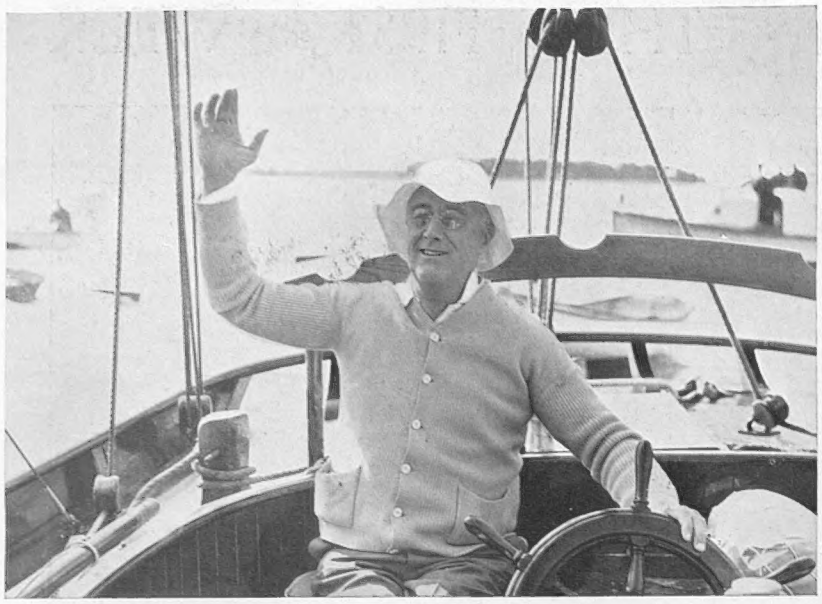
AMERICA'S DARK HORSE, L. R. Stoeffen, played superbly to beat Lee when led by 2 sets and 3 love; he succumbed to the all-conquering Cochet

board at Wimbledon giving details of the day's matches and of ideal tennis weather packed even the outer courts during the matches



On left—A FAR FROM STUMER CZECH! R. Menzel is deceptive; he hits so hard you *know* he must crack after two sets—but he is hitting just as hard after five! He beat his fellow giant, G. L. Rogers, but Vines proved too good for him. *Centre*—THE RISING SUN AND THE RISING STAR: Jiro Satoh got to the semi-final last year; this year he has beaten Austin. He looks a shade more imperturbable after hitting a loser than a winner! He is seen above in play against the ambidextrous de Stefani. *On right*—THE WIZARD: Henri Cochet, the great little man from Lyons, whose mastery of unorthodoxy and half-volleys may yet win him another championship. This year he is concentrating

EIGHT GIANTS OF THE CENTRE COURT



MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE HELM: The President's surprise declaration on currency problems, issued after his return from a yachting holiday, is believed in many quarters to have taken the wind out of the sails of the Conference

WHO SHOT THE ALBATROSS?

First Thoughts on President Roosevelt's Economic Conference Bombshell

Hollywood's talkie factories have familiarized the British public with the phrase about "giving 'em an earful." President Roosevelt, returning to Washington from his yachting trip, has certainly given the Kensington Conference "an earful." The French have been nursing their ears; the British rubbing theirs. Never, perhaps, in modern diplomatic history has a pronouncement so blunt and forthright as this been discharged at an international assembly by the head of an important State, never before have the diplomatic amenities been so maltreated.

What happens now is anybody's guess. The chief delegates, as I write, are engaged in guessing. The cross-purposes of the American delegation are mild compared with the cross-purposes of the rest of the delegates. While some cry "Adjourn," others say "Carry on!" Mr. MacDonald, as pathetically optimistic in his sphere as Mr. Henderson is in the sphere of another celebrated Conference, told three American delegates, who informally advised packing up (the official American delegation attitude is that the Conference should flounder on), that they must keep on, for the Conference would yet "build a bridge to the new world."

But the President in his turn is hard pressed and, it may be, fighting in a do-or-die spirit to bring off the biggest gamble in financial history. Even Professor Moley, his most trusted adviser, has been thrust aside in the struggle. Mr. Moley co-operated with the Conference chieftains in hammering out quite a modest formula on the monetary issue, and one which he felt sure the President would be able to accept. But the President said "No!" with a bang of the fist. Who intervened between the President and Moley? One may be pretty sure it was the celebrated Mr. Barney Baruch, who, since the departure of Professor Moley from Washington, has been the power-behind-the-throne, and all the more powerful in that he resolutely declines to accept any title or office.

The Industrial Recovery Act is the great, the over-shadowing, thing in the Washington scene now. On this great plan depends the whole political future of Mr. Roosevelt and his party, not to mention the economic rehabilitation of America, the jobs and wages of millions, the money of the speculators in raw materials, and the bull market on Wall Street. It is just coming into action, and it is already imperilled by the tardiness of industries in getting out their schemes regulating competition between the different units in each industry, and between the industry as a whole and its wage-paid labour. General Johnson is in charge, and the General is Mr. Baruch's man.

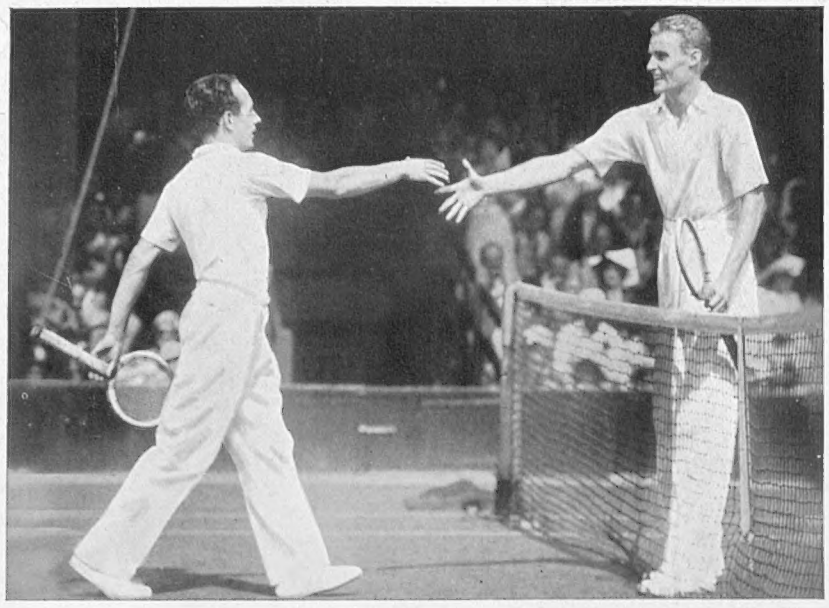
If Mr. Baruch, who has made a huge fortune in Stock Exchange operations (and kept it), and who knows like the back of his hand the speculator's mind and the forces which sway markets, says that currency stabilization will crumple up the recovery plan before it gets under way, currency stabilization is out, conference or no conference, international co-operation or no international co-operation. At the moment it looks as if international co-operation has been sacrificed on the altar of the Baruch-Roosevelt conception of what will help the American business upsurge and what will retard it.

But perhaps, in the long run, all is for the best. Minds will now have to be made up, realities faced, choices made. The face-saving formula has, for once, been nipped in the bud. It seems pretty certain that we shall now see impetus given to the bloc-forming tendencies which have long been apparent in the world's life.

The European gold powers have been pressing Britain to join them in a gold bloc against America. Mr. Montagu Norman, with his traditional international banker's mind, might like to tie Britain and her national currency thus. But Britain would be very ill-advised in this phase to tie herself to any bloc. Her interest lies in playing a free hand. If she links up with America, she may find she has harnessed herself to a free balloon (nobody knows yet whether the Americans can control the situation they are so enthusiastically creating). If she joins a European gold bloc, she restricts the free play of the pound; and freedom of action in the currency sphere is very necessary, with the dollar falling every day, and export trade still the life-blood of the British people, who have to buy the bulk of their food overseas and pay for it.

A line-up by Europe to resist the American mass-production drive is overdue. It would have occurred long ago but for the ancient feuds which separate states in that blood-soaked continent. Such a line-up, such a co-ordination, is usually termed die-hard and retrograde by the internationalists. Which only shows how words can be misused and ideas befogged. It is significant that the chief advocate across the Atlantic of a European economic bloc, and a British Empire economic bloc, with America forming its own bloc, is no less a person than the liberal internationalist, Dr. Murray Butler. He thinks that the formation of such great blocs will aid the progress of mankind, at present retarded by the existence of a multiplicity of uneconomically small states.

P. T.



DAVID AND GOLIATH: Henri Cochet, whose astonishing return to form has been a feature of this year's championship, congratulated by his lofty American opponent L. R. Stoeffen whom he defeated 3—6, 6—4, 6—3, 6—1

WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO FALL

Some Gruelling Matches for Wimbledon's Seeded Sixteen

Three-quarters of Wimbledon is over—I write after Britain's Black Monday—and our highest hopes, in the men's singles at least, are no more. Jiro Satoh put paid to H. W. Austin, and J. H. Crawford eliminated G. P. Hughes. What a reversal!

On Friday, Hughes, a giant-killer, with chop, slice, and inspired angled volleying, defeated the seeded Sutter; Austin had won his match, and H. G. N. Lee was two sets up and three love v. Stoeffen: now Lee is out, displaced from that commanding lead; Hughes—even as another doubles player (I. G. Collins, who last year "outed" Cochet) had a blaze of triumph in singles when he beat Sutter—found on Monday an opponent who was surer, more decisive, and, when occasion arose, a more effective exponent of the sliced backhand; and, reverting to a doubles player playing singles, went down after playing but one set out of three. Austin was "thought" out—much as the batsman who faced Rhodes in his prime!—by the wiles of the Orient—and a beautiful tennis player to boot.

In review, there are two matches in the men's singles that scream to high heaven for a Homer to describe them—Maier v. Crawford on the first day and Cochet v. Stoeffen on Monday. The former was a battle of the giants; the latter, bludgeon against rapier. There was precious little of the "Latin temperament," that Maier showed in set 5 against Crawford, visible in Cochet; surprisingly little of his usual indolent inertia either, as he played a man to whom he was giving almost as many inches as years!

Really, these Frenchmen are indecent! Borotra last year in the Davis Cup, and now Cochet. They *never* grow old! On Monday's showing I, ever his admirer, dared to hope for the Lyonnais even against Ellsworth Vines! If he gets to the final I believe he will win, no matter whom he plays—Borotra is not the only man who plays for France. He has to fight in Crawford another indolent magician—but Cochet can, and does, break the rules where Crawford . . . doesn't.

O these perennials; they are very harassing to critics! What to say of them that has not been said before? Helen Wills Moody is approaching tennis middle-age—and she never drops a set. She polishes off Mary Heeley, giving her more running than even she can stand—I believe she would tire even the tireless Krahwinkel!—and only has to work for three or four games against Mlle Payot, whose hefty punches and indomitable heart triumphantly justified her seeding. The Swiss did magnificently to beat Eileen Bennett—infinitely her superior in stroke play—and, with better luck in the draw, might well have got to the final.

Young Peggy Scriven from Yorkshire disappointed me in the doubles. Mrs. Godfree (Kitty McKane that was) and Mrs. L. R. C. Michell are a fine team who know the doubles game inside out; but Mlle Sigart of Belgium is, *pace* Miss Ryan, about the best woman's doubles player there is. They should have gone further.

But the player who jumped in a day from disregard by the L.T.A. to "Seeded No. 3" is pre-eminently a singles player. She, too, has abundantly justified her seeding. Her Paris victory was no mere flash in the pan for, though she lost a set to Nancy Lyle and had some anxious moments before she won it, she beat the real Betty Nuthall handsomely and, erratic though she be, Betty is a tennis player.

We can only hope that Miss Scriven will not be ruined by the publicity that asked so much of Miss Nuthall before it could reasonably be given. Forced plants are never the same as those that grow naturally. I incline to think publicity will fail. I remember the substance of her remark to an interviewer who travelled to meet her after her victory in Paris: "I'm so sorry you had so much trouble. . . Surely it can't be worth it; it's only a game after all!"

O that some who regard the centre court as Court of Honour, Lists of Love, Tournament of Beauty, and Buckingham Palace would lay those words to heart!

Yet one more sensation: the defeat of Vines and Gledhill by the Aussie second strings, Turnbull and Quist. Which, as Sydney Howard might remark, "only goes for to show" that doubles and the U.S. temperament do not often mix. Tilden and Hunter went down to Patterson (who had only a service and a smash) and Hawkes; Allison and Van Ryn proved the exception to prove the rule.

I still fancy Perry and Hughes; I have a sneaking feeling for Cochet; I plump (in common with every other human being who knows a racquet from a bat!) for Helen; I hope with, I fear, little confidence for Betty and Eileen; and I would not risk a sixpence on a final in the Mixed between Borotra-Nuthall and Maier-Ryan.

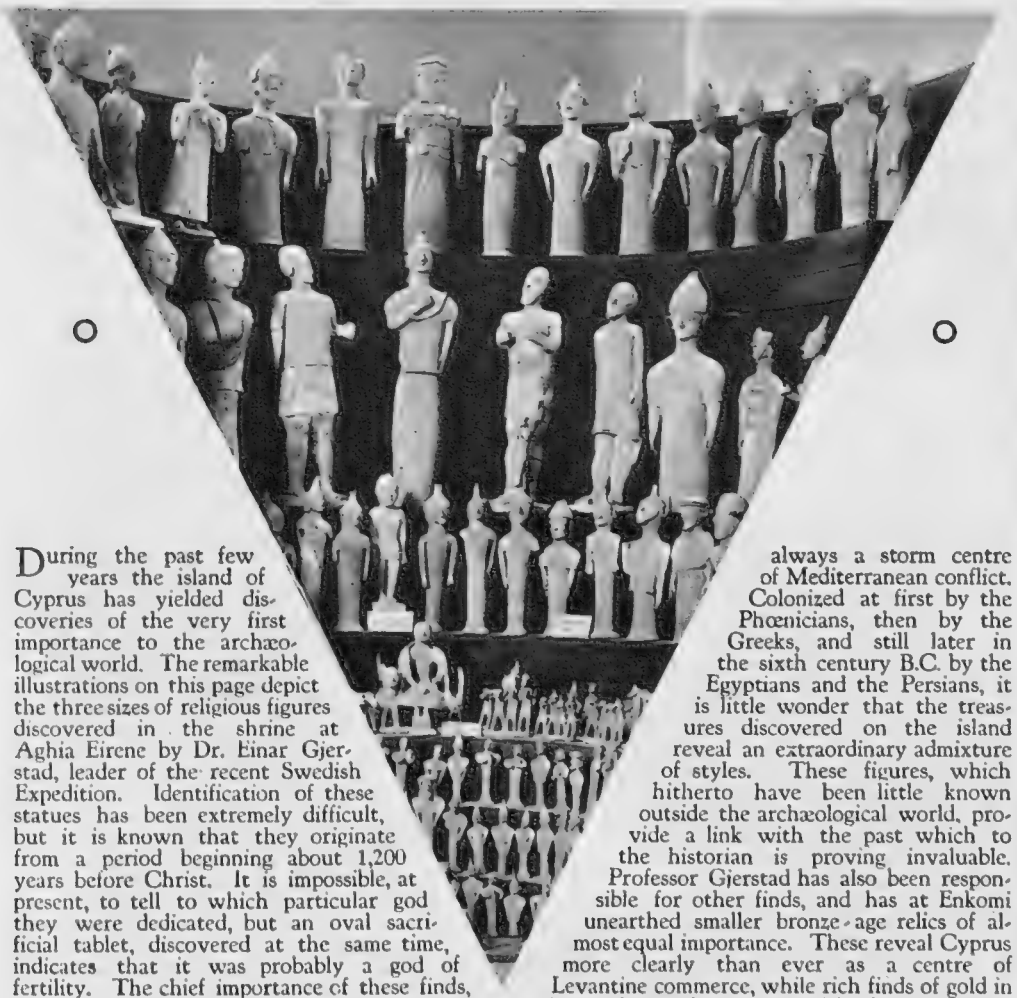
If only the weather hold!

G. H. W. R.

GROUP OF THE LARGER TERRA-COTTA STATUES relating to religious worship before the Christian era, discovered during excavations by a Swedish expedition at Aghia Eirene on the Cyprus coast. These grotesque figures, which bear no inscription, indicate the influence of both Egyptian and Assyrian art upon the islanders

TO AN UNKNOWN GOD

The Remarkable Discoveries of Early Cypriot Sculpture



During the past few years the island of Cyprus has yielded discoveries of the very first importance to the archæological world. The remarkable illustrations on this page depict the three sizes of religious figures discovered in the shrine at Aghia Eirene by Dr. Einar Gjerstad, leader of the recent Swedish Expedition. Identification of these statues has been extremely difficult, but it is known that they originate from a period beginning about 1,200 years before Christ. It is impossible, at present, to tell to which particular god they were dedicated, but an oval sacrificial tablet, discovered at the same time, indicates that it was probably a god of fertility. The chief importance of these finds, apart from their place in the history of Cypriot civilization, lies in the very definite Assyrio-Egyptian influence discernible in their artistic form. Cyprus from the earliest days was always a storm centre of Mediterranean conflict. Colonized at first by the Phœnicians, then by the Greeks, and still later in the sixth century B.C. by the Egyptians and the Persians, it is little wonder that the treasures discovered on the island reveal an extraordinary admixture of styles. These figures, which hitherto have been little known outside the archæological world, provide a link with the past which to the historian is proving invaluable. Professor Gjerstad has also been responsible for other finds, and has at Enkomi unearthed smaller bronze-age relics of almost equal importance. These reveal Cyprus more clearly than ever as a centre of Levantine commerce, while rich finds of gold in the tombs testify to the wealth of the islanders. With the Expedition's forthcoming report of its activities many more details of outstanding interest are anticipated.

ASSYRIO-PERSIAN TYPES: Small and medium-sized terra-cotta figures taken from the excavations at Aghia Eirene. The head of the figure on the left bears a remarkable resemblance to the sculpture of a Cypriot merchant now in the New York Museum

THE CROWN OF GEORGE CASTRIOTA: One of the fifteenth-century treasures of the Historical Art Museum, Vienna, now photographed for the first time for "The Sphere"

Historical evidence is rather contradictory as to why the Art Museum in Vienna is the home of the crown, or helmet, of Skanderberg, the great Albanian hero. Some of the chronicles allege that both the crown and the great two-handled sword were in one of the museums in Venice, and were appropriated by the Austrians when Venice was assigned to them by Napoleon.

Of Venetian workmanship, made of iron and beaten copper and surmounted by a golden goat's head, the crown of George Castriota, known as Skanderberg, as well as his huge two-handled sword, show the strength and size of this warrior Prince whom William Temple ranked among the seven great chiefs of history "who deserved, but never wore a crown"; while General Wolfe wrote of him: "He exceeds all other officers, ancient and modern in the conduct of a small defensive army." Born in 1403 George Castriota was sent with his three brothers as hostages to Constantinople, and was there given the name of Alexander, or Iskander Bey, this later on being changed to Skanderberg. He became a favourite of the Sultan Muhrad II, and fought with the Turkish armies, but in 1432, influenced perhaps by the fact that his three brothers had been secretly poisoned, he became a Christian and raised the banner of revolt against the Sultan.

Again and again Muhrad sent vast armies into Albania and again and again Skanderberg and his cavalry, swooping down from the mountains, decimated the Turkish ranks. His great stature, his habit of fighting with his right arm naked, his utter disregard of either heat or cold, and his amazing strength which enabled him to cut a man in two with a single blow of his sword, had made the name of Skanderberg famous all over Europe, and the mere sight of his figure with the goat's head on his helmet blazing in the sunshine, and his bare right arm brandishing his sword, was enough to send the Turkish armies flying in confusion.

In June, 1464, the Sultan Mohammed II, who had succeeded Muhrad, led a new army into Albania and Skanderberg journeyed to Rome to beg the Pope to give him arms and money, and returning, once more broke up the Turkish forces. But in 1467 the great warrior died of fever in Alessio and once he was no longer there to lead them the Albanians lost all initiative, and the Turks swept triumphantly over the country.

When Ahmed Zogoli was proclaimed King in 1928 a formal request was sent to the Austrian Government begging that the historic crown of Skanderberg should be returned, this however was found to be impossible, but a copy has been made and sent to the young King, between whom and the national hero of Albania there are so many points of resemblance.

THE FATAL CHAMOIS

When the Archduke Ferdinand Scoffed at Superstition and Paid the Penalty for a Rash Hunting Adventure by Meeting his Death, within a Year, in the Streets of Serajevo

Nineteen years ago the morning of June 28 dawned like all the other mornings of that glorious summer of 1914, dawned with the sun rising in a cloudless sky and the scent of flowers flooding the gardens of the world with perfume. It was a Sunday, and the workers and labourers could rest, could lie in bed an hour or two longer, could look forward to a breakfast that would not have to be gulped down in the usual rush to catch the train, or the bus, or the tram, could luxuriate in that delicious feeling of relaxation which only those who work can appreciate. Church bells were ringing and here and there a few inveterate grumblers were certainly airing their grievances.

Serajevo was certainly gay that morning, but underneath the laughter and the music and the ringing of bells there was resentment, a burning anger, and a bitter hatred never very far away in that borderland of heterogeneous races. The Turks and the Austrians and the Slovaks might be all pleasurable excitement, but for the Serbs June 28 was the day of Vidovdan, on which they commemorated the battle of Kassovo when they were defeated and overcome by the Turks in 1389. For them it was therefore a holy day, a day of prayer and fasting and National mourning, and it seemed to them a deliberate insult that the heir to the Austrian throne should have chosen just this day to drive in State through the town. They hated this Archduke with a bitter, undying hatred, they saw in him an implacable enemy, he was always leading manœuvres near to their frontier, they were certain that he was planning at some time to attack and overwhelm them.

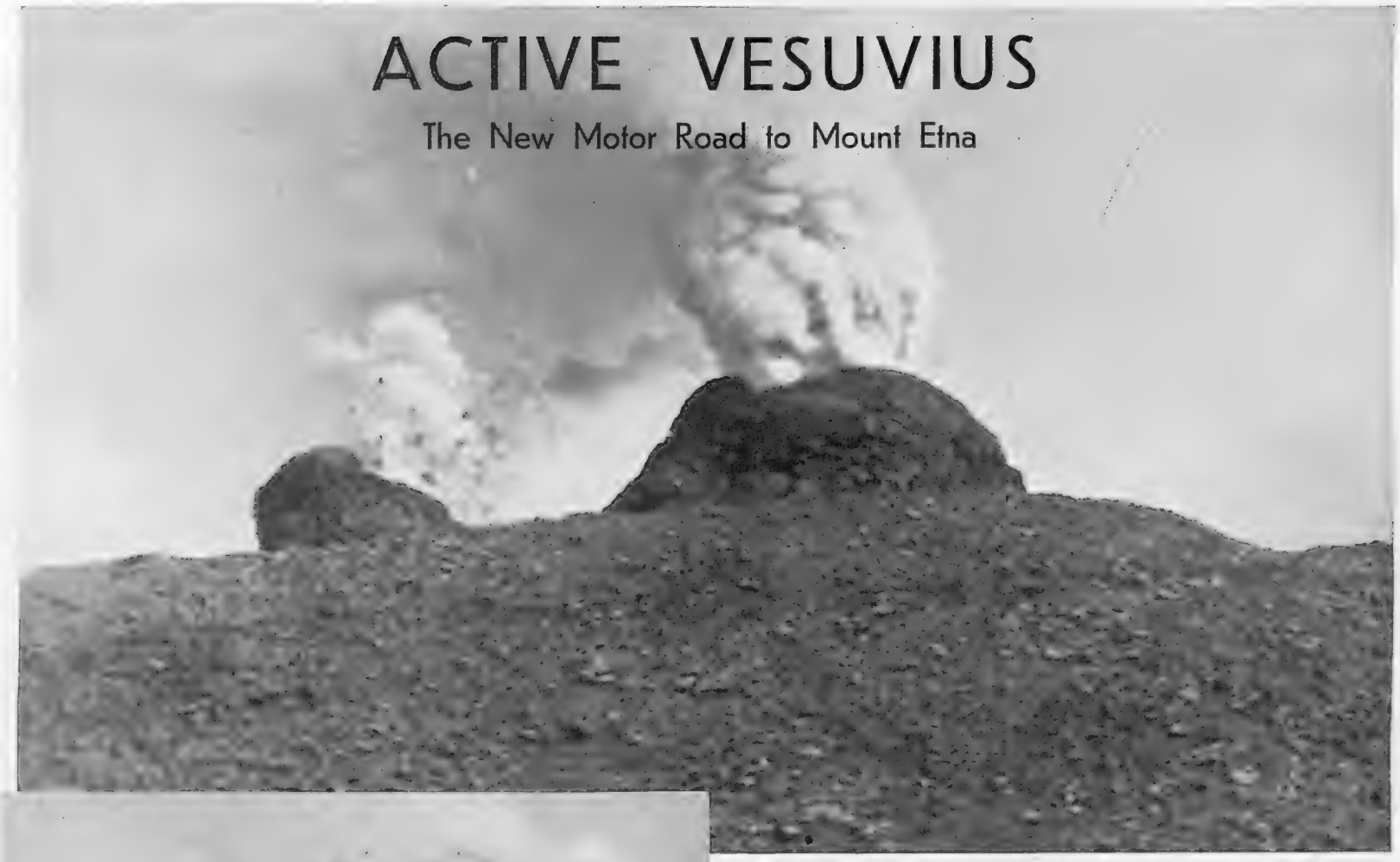
Serbia had not kept the promises she had made in 1909 to live in good neighbourly relations with Austria and prevent the formation of secret societies and irregular bands, and for months past the little café of the Green Garland in Belgrade had been crowded with students listening to fiery speeches, making secret plans, swearing fealty to the Society of Union or Death known as the Black Hand, and filling their minds with the distorted ideal of a patriotism that justified murder and crime. Some people have declared that the first attempt made on the Archduke was staged by an Austrian "agent provocateur" and that the shots fired afterwards by Princep were entirely unpremeditated. Others have brought forward evidence to prove that the Serbian Government had foreknowledge of the plot and did nothing to prevent it, while again others swear that the Austrian Government were warned that an attempt would be made on the Archduke, but that they took no heed of the warning, and that no precautions were taken to guard Franz Ferdinand.

The Austrian Foreign Office have declared that they never received any warning, but apparently Bilinski was not in high favour and it is conceivable that he never passed on the warning, or, that if he did, it was not taken seriously. General Appel, who commanded an infantry regiment in Serajevo, states in a letter written to General Brosch, who had been attached to Franz Ferdinand, that no police in the world, not even the famous and excellent London police, could have protected the Archduke or singled out the murderers in the vast crowd assembled. "The royal couple," he says, "drove through a whole barricade of murderers . . . there can be no doubt that it was an organized conspiracy and that if the second attempt had not succeeded a third and fourth attempt would have most certainly been made."

It is probable that Princep, Chabrinovitch and Grabegh were not the only "Mordbuben" (Murderboys) as Appel calls them, in that gay holiday crowd at Serajevo, but even after all these years, after all the books, articles and pamphlets that have been written, so many conflicting rumours still surround the murder that it is difficult to give an unbiased judgment. Discarding all political reasons one man would perhaps have given the reason for the death of the heir to the Austrian throne, and that man was the huntsman who in August, 1913, had tried in vain to stop the Archduke shooting a snow white chamois in the Gollinger Mountains. A white chamois was a fairy animal and it was well known that whoever shot one would die a violent death within a year, but the Archduke had scoffed at the old superstition and had roughly bade the huntsman to be silent. And yet the curse had been fulfilled and the death of a white chamois was to plunge Europe into a war which was more intense than any that had ever gone before.

ACTIVE VESUVIUS

The New Motor Road to Mount Etna



THE CHANGING OUTLINE OF VESUVIUS: An unusual picture taken near the crater when the usual cloud cap had, for once, cleared. The two cones have only recently formed in the centre of the crater and have of late been causing considerable anxiety

IN A WORLD OF MOLTEN LAVA: A camera study of the crater of Vesuvius showing lava being thrown out on to the slopes of the cone. The picture was taken at the nearest point to which it was safe to approach

SIGHTSEEING MADE EASY: Steam rollers putting the finishing touches to the new motor road to Mount Etna, which now allows of tourists making the greater part of the journey to the summit in less than half an hour

ETNA'S NEW MOTOR ROAD: A car passing along the highway from the little seaport town of Catania to the tourists' resting place at Cantoniera (6,270 ft.). Etna, with its 200 craters, is the highest volcano in Europe, and until recently could only be reached either on foot or muleback. To-day a fleet of fast cars brings tourists to Cantoniera in under half an hour, and from there the final ascent is made on foot along a mountain road which sightseers, possessing no Alpine experience, can negotiate with very little difficulty

RURITANIA, as interpreted by our film magnates, would never allow its royal heroes and heroines to be deprived of the audience drawing ecstasies of love. Reality, however, often presents a very different picture

LOVE or a CROWN?

An Age-Old Problem Faced by the Royal Heirs of Germany and Spain

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

A little time ago there was mild surprise when the future king of a northern country renounced his title, married a commoner, and entered private life as a simple "Mr." After all, it had happened before, and although the choice between love and a throne makes a dramatic subject, it has perhaps been worn rather threadbare by the novelists and playwrights.

But, within a month, two more renunciations, both of them by direct heirs, both of them members of centuries old reigning families, have startled the devotees of Gotha. Is then a crown a thing to be lightly thrown away? Is the close corporation of monarchy being broken? Is the old hierarchical conception disappearing because it has lost its glamour even for those who are at the peak? The French have a phrase which distinguishes between "revolutions from below" and "revolutions from above." There have been plenty of "revolutions from below" in the past few years; but apparently there is now also a "revolution from above."

There has been not only a demand in some countries for royal abdications; those who are the embodiment of the royal idea are, in a number of cases, voluntarily surrendering their rights. This is a relatively new phenomenon. It is true that history records several willing retirements of mighty monarchies—of which that of the Emperor Charles V is the outstanding example—yet before renouncing the pomp and power of their royal state they made proper provision for their succession.

Moreover, there are remarkable reactions to-day. It must not be supposed that because the War shook down a dozen thrones, and swept away three emperors, there is not a widespread sentiment in favour of monarchy. It is a sentiment that has grown in the most unexpected places. Thus there were few newspapers in Republican France which did not comment in the most eulogistic terms on the impressive and dignified appearance of George V at the opening of the Economic Conference in London. The special correspondents wrote of him with undisguised admiration. There was a note of envy. France regretted—or seemed to regret—that it was a Republic. "They manage these things better—in England."

Apart from the personal esteem in which the British King is held, there was a curious insistence on the virtues of the hereditary principle. Almost at the same time a grandson was born to the Duc de Guise, the Pretender to the throne of France, exiled in Brussels; thus assuring the continuance of the Royal line which, for a thousand years, through forty Kings, helped to create the geographical and racial unity of France In explicit terms we were informed that the newborn child, Prince Henri de France, the son of the Comte et Comtesse de Paris, and grandson of the Duc de Guise, Chief of the Maison de France, was the descendant of Saint-Louis and of Henri IV, great-grandson of Louis-Philippe, and heir to the rights of his father to the Crown. In many quarters he was hailed as the "Petit Dauphin," and even staunch Republicans were interested in the happy event. I do not suggest that there will be a restoration; all that I contend is that these Royal happenings stir emotions far outside Royalist circles.

It should likewise be observed that in a number of European countries, notably Greece, Hungary, Spain, and Germany, there is an undoubted revival of the monarchical idea. In other countries, such as Italy, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, the King enjoys the confidence of his subjects, Certainly it would be premature to declare that the Royal tradition is ending in Europe. On the contrary, if it had been in eclipse, it would appear to be emerging from the obscurity into which it was plunged by the War and the after-War.

It is important to remember this at a time when the young scions of monarchy are betraying less interest in their prerogatives than the peoples over whom they were apparently destined to reign. The revolt is now coming from the top rather than from the bottom. Modernism, with its democratic demands for equality of opportunity, has touched the Princes of Europe. They too declare they have a right to live their lives as they please. They decline to be bound by the rules which have been imposed upon them. If they choose to marry outside the narrow circle traced for them, they do so in defiance of custom, and it would seem that they are happy to give up their prospects of wielding the sceptre.

Even some of those who are now converted to monarchical ways had their youthful fling. It will be remembered that King Carol of Rumania contracted a morganatic marriage before his Royal marriage, and then, breaking away from the Royal union, he renounced his rights in favour of his little son. In the end he was brought back; but it might well have been otherwise.

The example is contagious. At the beginning of June this year the law of the Hohenzollerns, which had been rigidly observed for nearly five hundred years, was ignored by Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, the grandson of the ex-Kaiser. He married Fräulein Dorothea von Salviati. She was not of Royal birth. A hundred years ago, it is true, her family received the patent of nobility; but this is not sufficient in the eyes of the former Emperor and his sons to make the marriage "equal."

It is to be observed that in 1922 the ex-Emperor himself contracted a second marriage with Princess Hermine of Reuss, the widow of a German Prince, and that this union aroused much discussion. Yet he had already abdicated, and it did not appear likely that he would be recalled. The case of his sons and grandsons is altogether different. They have, according to good observers, a real chance of returning to their former state, and the effect of a marriage outside recognized Royalty undoubtedly complicates the situation.

Little did Prince Wilhelm care about the dynasty and its hypothetical restoration to power! Despite the opposition of the family, he carried out his intentions and went through a civil ceremony with two witnesses, the brother of the bride, and one of his friends; while the religious ceremony, in the castle church of Bonn, was of a simple character. A contingent of the Steel Helmets was the guard of honour.

Now it certainly cannot be pretended by anyone who keeps in touch with feeling in Germany that the Hohenzollern aspirations are mere idle ambitions. Doubtless the advent of Hitler, and the stormy régime through which Germany is now passing, may delay matters, and it is probable that the present experiment will have to be worked out. Sooner or later, however, it was thought highly probable that Germany would revert to monarchy. Thus there is no question of throwing away something which the young Prince was not likely to possess.

"Legitimacy" is all important, and in this connection "legitimacy" connotes marriage of which the offspring will be of pure Royal blood. As this is not the case, it is held in some quarters that the whole idea of monarchy in Germany is compromised. Indeed, the bride caused some sensation by remarking that: "We are thinking of nothing except the realization of the ideals of the new Germany. We are not concerned with the question of monarchy."

And now the world has been intrigued by the marriage of the Prince of Asturias and his Cuban fiancée, Señorita San Pedro Ocejo. He is the eldest son of ex-King Alfonso, and it was impossible for his father, who maintains all his rights to the Spanish throne, to give his consent to the marriage. For King Alfonso has never abdicated He left his country to avoid bloodshed when it became apparent that the Republicans had obtained a large following in the towns, if not in the countryside, at the Spanish Municipal elections. This act, however, does not imply his renunciation.

Nor can it be properly said that, in fact, all hope of a Royal restoration in Spain is lost. The new Republic is in difficulties. For the time being, monarchists and their allies are vigorously suppressed, and it is the express wish of King Alfonso that nothing should be done to create disturbances or to hamper the present rulers in their attempt to carry out long-needed reforms.

But it remains true that the future of Spain is by no means settled. It is the business of the Spanish Royal family to preserve intact all its claims and prerogatives. It must be ready to return if and when it is needed.

It follows that a definite choice had to be made by the young Prince Alfonso. The old theme of a throne or a bride was again presented. Prince Alfonso did not hesitate. "We are human beings like everybody else, and we have a right to live our own lives," he said. So he sat down and wrote a formal document, saying that as his intended bride did not fulfil the conditions required by ancient Spanish laws and the monarchical régime which may be of vital importance to Spain, he is obliged to renounce his rights to the throne and to follow the impulses of his heart.

It is a romantic story which has thrilled even the Republicans of Spain. "All the world," it is said, "loves a lover"; and when the lover surrenders his birthright for his love, the world cannot disapprove.

PRINCES WHO HAVE MARRIED COMMONERS

PRINCE LENNART OF SWEDEN

THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

PRINCE WILHELM OF PRUSSIA

THE DROGHEDA-LATHAM WEDDING

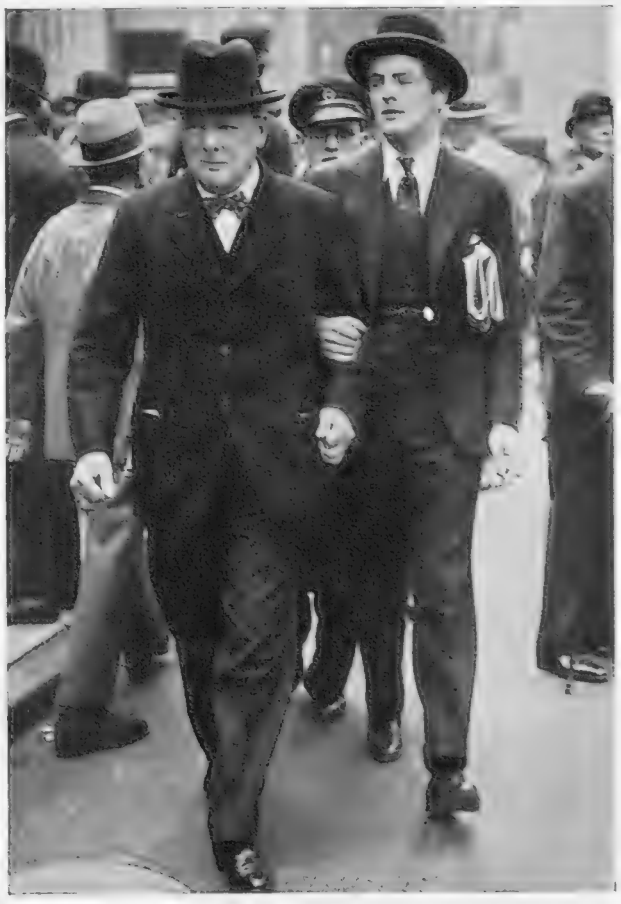
THE WEDDING MARCH: Two of the ten bridesmaids who accompanied Lady Patricia Moore at her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Lady Pamela Smith is seen on the right. Each bridesmaid carried a sheaf of yellow lilies

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SEASON: Sir Paul Latham, M.P. and Lady Patricia Moore leaving St. Margaret's after the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, the Earl of Drogheda, wore a simple gown of white satin

THE BALDWIN-CHURCHILL DUEL

A FLYING HONEYMOON: Sir Paul and Lady Latham leaving Croydon for their Continental honeymoon, following the reception at Chesham Place. So popular was the wedding that many distinguished guests were unable to obtain admission to the church

MR. BALDWIN FACES HIS CRITICS: The Lord President of the Council addressing the Conservative and Unionist leaders on the much criticized White Paper proposals, for which the Government is being attacked for its policy of surrendering British control in India. Mr. Baldwin pleaded for delay in judgment until the findings of the present commission were announced



IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Mr. Randolph Churchill following his father into the Friends' Meeting House, Euston Road, for last week's White Paper Debate. The ex-Chancellor was in his best fighting mood

THE ORDER of ST. JOHN of JERUSALEM: Famous Relics at th

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST: One of the two outside panels of the Weston Triptych now adorning the altar of the Priory Church of St. John's, Clerkenwell

DEPICTING THE HOLY TRINITY: The second of the outside panels of the Weston Triptych which was presented to St. John's, Clerkenwell, in 1480, by John Weston, Grand Prior of England

INTERIOR OF THE ANCIENT PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN Bailiffs Grand Cross and its altars enriched with the beautiful paint history of the Order and serves as a constant reminder of the h consecrated as far back as 1185 by the Patriarch of Jerusalem who w lution of the religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII the Priory Chur

The year 1933 is an interesting one in the history of the Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Various events of outstanding importance have recently taken place and the Order's present day good works have shown an increasing activity. It has lately come into full possession of a chapel of its own; the parish work of the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, being merged with that of St. James, allowing the former church to become the Chapel of the Order. The existing edifice, within sight of the ancient gateway of St. John's Priory, is now resplendent with banners as shown on the adjacent illustration. There are active plans for building near the archway. There is the hospital of the Order in Jerusalem meeting increasing calls. There is the famous St. John Ambulance Organization, described in this issue by Mr. Graves. Whence come all these beneficent activities? The answer will be found in this historical account by Mr. Fred Ryan, chronicler of the Knights of Malta, etc.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, has hallowed associations, reaching back to the twelfth century, with the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

The objects of this aristocratic and international Order of Chivalry, "a strange compound of the military and ecclesiastic," were the defence of the Holy Land and Christendom against the attacks of the Saracens, and the succour of the sick and wounded in their hospitals at Jerusalem and elsewhere.

THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL: Here the present day Order has a chapel where Holy Communion is celebrated annually on St. John the Baptist's Day

The Confraternity was introduced into England by the Knights who had fought in the first Crusade. About the year 1145, Jordan of Bricett, in Suffolk, endowed the Brethren with lands in Clerkenwell, and here they built what was to become the headquarters of the Grand Priory of England. In 1185, the Priory Church was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, then in England to preach the Third Crusade.

EFFIGY OF A SPANISH KNIGHT: A relic of earlier years in the crypt chapel in Clerkenwell The crypt extends beneath the choir of the existing church

The Langue of England.—At Rhodes, in 1322, for the better administration of their Continental properties and for discipline, the Brethren of all ranks were brigaded into "Langues" according to their nationality. These "Langues," of which that of England was the third, were limited to the eight principal nations of the day. While the Grand-Mastership remained open by election to a Knight of any of these nations. Each Langue was given the right of appointing from its own members certain high officials in the "Convent." Thus, the Langue of Provence appointed the "Grand Commander," the Langue of Italy, the "Admiral."

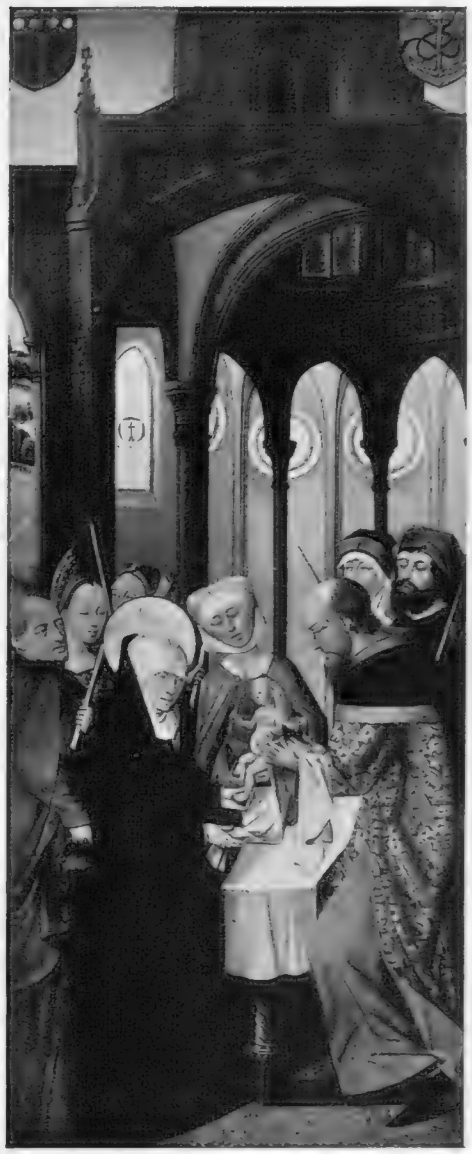
To the Langue of England was given the appointment of the "Turcopolier," the leader of the light horse, on whom devolved in Rhodes and in Malta certain duties of coastal defence. Each Langue maintained in the "Convent" its own chapel, and also an "Auberge" for the residence and meetings of its members.

CRUSADERS in the CAUSE of HUMANITY

the Priory Church, Clerkenwell

CLERKENWELL, AS IT IS TO-DAY: Its aisles decked with the banners of the triptych presented to the church in 1480, St. John's reflects the glorious purpose to which its members are dedicated. The original church was then on a visit to England in the cause of the third crusade. At the disso- suffered temporary extinction, and was used by the King for storing munitions

PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY: An inside panel of the triptych bearing the words "Syr John Weston Prior"



PRESENTATION OF THE INFANT SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE: The second inside panel of the triptych. Probably the work of a painter of the Flemish school

AN INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER, MARCH 25, 1926, DEPICTED BY THE CHEVALIER DINGLI: From the painting now hanging in the Grand Priory of the Order at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell

The principal dignitaries of the Langue of England (which embraced the "three kingdoms") were the Turcopolier, the Grand Prior of England, the Grand Prior of Ireland, and the Bailiff of Eagle (a Commandery in Lincoln) who were all members of the Sacred Council. The Commander of Torphichen (in Linlithgowshire) was the senior Scottish Knight.

Henry VIII, on his accession, accepted the title of "Protector of the Order" and helped the Knights materially.

In 1539, however, that "capricious tyrant," in pursuance of his politico-religious policy, issued to the English Knights of St. John a Royal Instruction, in which the King required them to abjure the Papal authority and also to submit certain commands of the Grand Master to a Royal Warrant. As the majority of the English Knights would not conform the Grand Priory of England was declared dissolved, its vast property annexed by the Crown, and the order proscribed in the British Realm.

Revival of the Order in England.—In 1827 a movement to revive in Great Britain and Ireland the English branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem resulted in the formation of a Chapter of the Grand Priory of England.

The English Knights Hospitaller, thus re-established, found a mission of mercy and of charity awaiting them in an England which was rapidly becoming industrialized, and through their exertions the well-known St. John Ambulance Association, with its brigade, was established for hospital work, and for "first aid." They also played a part in establishing the "Red Cross" for the care of sick and wounded in war and in securing its international recognition.

The solid work done by the movement was recognized by Royal Charters of Queen Victoria (1888), King Edward VII (1907), and of His present Majesty King George V (1926), under which the English Chapter is established to-day as the "Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in the British Realm" with the right of creating Priories throughout the Empire.

This revised Order was happily able to acquire for their headquarters some of the old buildings which remained of the original Grand Priory of England at Clerkenwell. These have been restored in a style of architecture and in an interior arrangement vividly recalling the splendour of the past. Here is a Prioral Church with a Norman crypt, a Gothic window, and a fifteenth-century triptych, the last item recently retrieved and placed in its old position on the high altar; a Chapter Hall with portraits of Past Grand Masters and Grand Priors; a Library containing a remarkable collection of official documents of the Order and also of records old and new.

From these Headquarters the English Order directs to-day the widespread activities of the St. John Ambulance Association and Brigade. The membership numbers some 58,000 trained men and women. A link with the Holy Land is found in the Ophthalmic Hospital maintained in Jerusalem, and administered by the hospital committee at St. John's Gate.

RELICS OF THE ORDER IN THE MUSEUM AT ST. JOHN'S GATE: Leaden crosses which during the early days marked the properties of the Order. *Right*—Mr. H. W. Fincham, F.S.A., examining a gold medal belonging to Grand Master Verdala

ST. JOHN TO THE RESCUE

Britain's 58,000 Voluntary Ambulance Workers who, on all Public Occasions, Stand Watch over the Well-being of the Crowds, and Lend a Hand to Those who may be in Need of Their Services

By CHARLES GRAVES

FIRST AID ON THE CENTRE COURT: Members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade assisting a woman player from the arena after her collapse during a match in the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon

Swords into ploughshares, or rather maces into bandages, and war-galleys into ambulances; that is the history of the Order of St. John. No other country possesses an organization like the St. John Ambulance — with its 58,000 voluntary workers in England and Wales alone. At every big cinema, theatre, prize fight, dirt track, wrestling match, race course, and public procession, you see them in their black uniforms waiting to lend a hand. In medieval times they fought the Infidel—Turks and Saracen. To-day, the chief objects of their successors are the provision of a properly trained body of men and women to render first aid to the sick and injured on public occasions, and in time of national emergency to reinforce the medical services of the Naval, Military, and Air Forces of the Crown. No one is eligible for enrolment unless already in possession of a First Aid Certificate, and in the nursing divisions an additional Certificate on Home Nursing is required.

The Brigade is commanded by the Chief Commissioners, with headquarters at St. John's Gate, assisted by the Surgeon-in-Chief. The men are drawn from all ranks of life — retired medical officers; grocers, dustmen, postal sorters, tailors, butchers, candle-stick makers among them. The majority are people who do night work, and are, therefore, available for duty by day. They are paid nothing. They have to buy their own uniforms, at a cost of £4, and their sole reward is a medal after sixteen years' continuous service. Every year they have to attend a stipulated number of drills and tests, as well as a medical re-examination. In return for this they have an enormous amount of discomfort and hard work, treating every kind of faint, fit, collapse, stroke, and accident in public. Even childbirth is not unknown to them.

Two years ago no fewer than 500 people collapsed on Armistice Day alone within a quarter of a mile of the Cenotaph. Last Armistice Day 1,600 St. John Ambulance men were on duty in the Metropolitan Police area of London, apart from the thousands scattered throughout the rest of the country. At Birmingham the Brigade is doing the whole transport of patients between their homes, the hospitals, and the convalescent homes. During the steeplechase season there is a man stationed at each jump of every racecourse with a sergeant in charge. In the summer there is a permanent hut at Lords (very useful in these days of body-line bowling), and you will see them even at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

The King himself is Sovereign Head of the St. John Ambulance, with the Duke of Connaught as Grand Prior. And it was St. John Ambulance men, you will remember who carried him in the stretcher from Buckingham Palace to the motor car when he was so ill three years ago, and who, on arrival at Bognor, carried him out in the stretcher to his bedroom.

Last year the Brigade attended the injuries of more than 14,000 people who were involved in road accidents. The 250 ambulances travelled 53,000 miles, and in all there were 460,000 recorded cases of free treatment to members of the public in 1932. To the motorist the provision of 1,000 first-aid posts and ninety-one roadside huts is of peculiar interest. These huts are stationed near all the most dangerous points on the main roads of the country. Moreover, they are movable, and when some new piece of roadmending or excavation creates a danger point near by, they are wheeled off to stand guard.

The first teaching book was published and issued to the Serving Brothers in 1877. Three years later the first detachments were formed, and the men with first-aid certificates attended football matches and race meetings. Eight years later forty of these detachments were brought together under a Commissioner and were given the name of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. To-day there are 250 ambulances of an average strength of forty men, in addition to the 50,000 serving brothers and serving sisters who are not attached to any ambulance. Every year about £2,000 is spent in transporting the nurses and first-aid men to and from the cinemas and theatres, and yet last year in an appeal for funds only £75 were collected from the 133 cinemas and theatres in London which they attended nightly. An easy solution to this problem occurred to me while speaking to Captain Goodley, the public duty officer of the No. 1 District. For he told me that they have all the records of the various cases that they have had to treat at various films and plays, and can lay hands on the exact number of faints, cases of hysteria, and the like.

Why not, I asked, offer to supply an authenticated list to every cinema and theatre of the number of people who had to be treated every week for undue excitement after seeing the performance? This list ought to be worth at least £10 a week in advertisement value to the exhibitors and producers, and would be an exact barometer of the sensation. But the cinemas and theatres form a very small item in the routine duties. Here is a list of the duties, apart from the cinemas and theatres, performed on Midsummer Day by the No. 1 District alone:

Duties performed on Saturday, June 24, 1933:

(1) London Playing Fields Grounds at Grove Park and Walthamstow.
(2) Hunt Partners Annual Sports Meeting, Chingford.
(3) Girl Guides' Sports, Upper Holloway and Tollington District.
(4) North-East London Central School Sports.
(5) Becmain Sports, Barking, Essex.
(6) Sandown Park Races.
(7) Knights of St. Columba Sports Meeting.
(8) Mitcham Elementary School Sports.
(9) Nestanglo Sports Club Meeting.
(10) Greenwich Night Pageant.
(11) Polytechnic Ladies Championship, Regents Park.
(12) Review of the Territorial Army, Hyde Park.
(13) Hendon Air Pageant.
(14) Southall Athletic Club Meeting.
(15) Royal Alfred Seamen's Home, British Legion Fête.
(16) Scouts' Sports, Southall Park.
(17) Pearl Assurance Sports Ground.
(18) Merton Boys Sports, Merton Park.
(19) Junior Imperial League.
(20) English Folk Dance Society Festival.
(21) Clesco Sports, Raynes Park.
(22) West Fulham Labour Party Childrens' Outing.
(23) Young Britons Sports Meeting, Finsbury Park.
(24) Hays Wharf Sports Ground, New Eltham.
(25) Woolwich Borough Council Employees Sports.
(26) Spiritualists Sports Meeting.
(27) Wood Green Operatic Society Fête.
(28) Co-operative Wholesale Society Sports, Woodford.
(29) N.U.R. Outing to Rye House.

Incidentally, I would love to have been at the Spiritualists Sports Meeting. It must have been a lot of fun.

"Of course," said Captain Goodley's assistant to me, "the work is very much more arduous in the summer. But it is in the winter that we have so many sham collapses. When people realize on a cold day that they have every chance of a nice cup of hot bovril or tea if they pretend to be ill, they often try it on. And brandy? Oh dear me no. If we gave brandy we would have shammers all day. As it is, we always rather suspect the gipsies of timing their babies to be born in Derby week. Our men are often confronted with a bit of unexpected midwifery to do. During the Epsom Meeting we have had in as many as 500 cases from faints to expectant mothers.

"Perhaps you would like to see some comparative tables? Well, this year we had no fewer than 224 cases of collapse and so on during the ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour, which was only twelve fewer than the total number of personnel on duty there. Incidentally, it included two guardsmen who fainted. One of them, poor fellow, collapsed over his own bayonet which pierced his throat and broke his jaw.

"At Ascot this year our thirty-nine attendants had to give first aid treatment to eighty-nine people. Here are some other figures. You will notice, by the way, that the King of Iraq's visit was singularly and indeed completely free of collapse:

	Personnel	Cases
Boat Race	123	15
T.U.C., Hyde Park	137	14
Chelsea Flower Show	66	23
British Industries Fair, Olympia	108	97
British Industries Fair, White City	180	64
British Legion Parade at Cenotaph	92	12

(Continued on p. 70)

SAMARITANS OF THE HIGHWAY: Ambulance men replenishing the supplies of a road-side first-aid box. A national scheme is being put into operation whereby all main roads in the country will be patrolled by qualified members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade

LINKING SURREY AND MIDDLESEX

Picture by Charles Brown

THE NEW HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE FROM THE AIR: The magnificent structure carrying the main highway across the Thames. The old bridge, which has now been demolished, was quite inadequate for dealing with the week-end traffic congestion. In the background is Hampton Court Palace and the Long Water

TWICKENHAM BRIDGE AND ITS SOUTHERN APPROACH: With Asgyll House and site of Richmond Palace on right. The total contract price for the three bridges illustrated on this page amounted to nearly £570,000

BRIDGING THE THAMES AT CHISWICK: The imposing three-span bridge built at a cost of £220,000 to the design of Sir Herbert Baker, the distinguished architect of South Africa House and many other famous buildings. The whole structure, which is largely of Portland stone, carries a 40-ft. roadway and 15-ft. pavements

BOMBAY HONOURS the

Thousands of Worshippers Bathe in the Arabian Sea

HINDU GIRLS TAKING PART IN THE CEREMONY OF MAHA SHIVRATRI: In olden times the festival was celebrated by elaborate ritual and human sacrifices. The only surviving custom is that of bathing in the healing waters of the ocean

"A BATH FOR THE GODLY": A general view of the crowded scene at Bombay during th ceremony in the Arabian Sea. Well-to-do Hindus care little for mixing with the "hoi pollo the poorer classes who take part with such enthusiasm

PROFITING BY THE OCCASION: This young man has garbed himself in the vestments of a priest, which is far from being a proof that this is really his calling. He leads behind him the holy animal, a cow, and sells handfuls of grass to worshippers who are glad on such a day to sacrifice a few annas if that will suffice to give pleasure to the chosen animal of their faith

THREE GENERATIONS: A Hindu woman escorts her aged mother from the water while her lightly clad son looks on. On the great festival day the beach is crowded to capacity from morning till night

A BANGLED BATHING BABY: W pletes her toilet after the a baby undertakes an expedit account along the crow

... the GOD of the HINDUS

...e Arabian Sea at the Great Annual Festival of Siva

...e at Bombay during the annual bathing ...ing with the "hoi pollo!" and it is mostly ...uch enthusiasm

...D BATHING BABY: While mother com... her toilet after the annual bathe, her ...undertakes an expedition on her own account along the crowded beach

A PRAYER TO THE GODS OF THE OCEAN: A Hindu making his obeisance before entering the sea

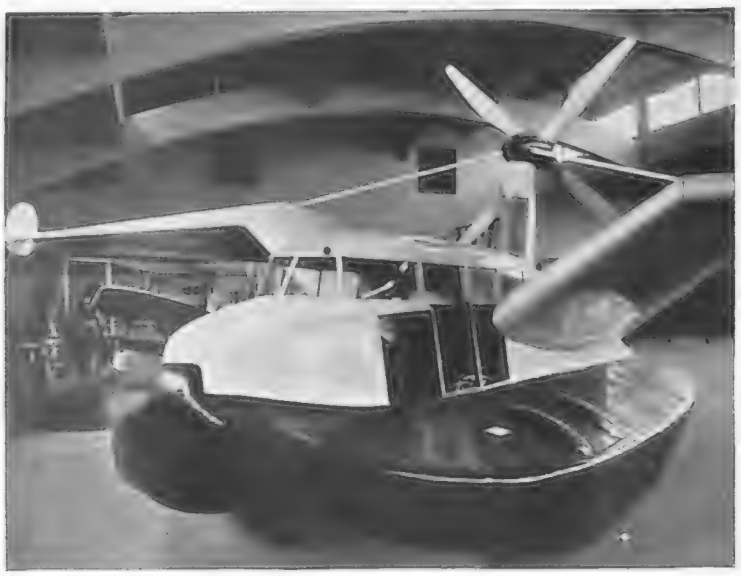
Once a year, in the early summer, Hindu India celebrates its most picturesque and important festival—that of Maha Shivratri (The Great Night of Siva). To-day the original meaning can no longer be explained with certainty, and by no means applies to the only surviving practice. Legend has it that the ceremony was once one of elaborate ritual, frequently involving human sacrifices, but all that remains now is the custom of bathing in the healing waters of the ocean. The above pictures, recently received from Bombay, show the crowded beaches of the metropolis on the great festival day, where from sunrise to dark the Hindu population flocks down to the shore to pay homage to Siva, the great god of the Himalaya round whom their devotion is so largely centred

EVEN THE VERY YOUNG SHARE IN THE ANNUAL ABLUTIONS: These Hindu parents are dipping their child in the sea, thus ensuring Siva's blessing

WHERE CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS: Hindu worshippers, taking advantage of being in the water, give their sari, the outer garment worn by the women, a thorough washing in the sea

A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE: An impression by Hans Vogel of probable conditions in the flying world during the next decade. Miniature aerodromes seem likely to come into being outside all the large towns and at points on the main arterial roads, thus allowing the flyer to use either the land or air at will

A FOUR-SEATER AERO-AUTO: A new type exhibited at the last German Light Aeroplane Show in Berlin. The wings fold back so that the 'plane can be used equally well either on the road or in the air. The body greatly resembles in outline a modern light car



THE WEEK-END AMPHIBIAN: A modern pleasure boat built for high speeds and long range. The airscrew, driven by two Diesel engines, is set high in order to prevent risk of damage from the water. Comfortable accommodation is provided for a pilot and two passengers

GROTESQUE BUT INTERESTING: A novel machine made to the design of Signor Stipa. Extra stability, increased rudder and elevator control, and lower head resistance are the chief advantages claimed for this craft

THE MONOSPAR: A popular twin-engined machine for the private owner and an ideal four-seater for hire work on a small scale. It is one of the most comfortable and spacious types on the market

STANDARD AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE

Speed with Comfort and Safety—The Goal of a Fast Developing Industry in Search of Perfection

By GRANVILLE CONWAY

We are still, without a doubt, in the experimental and transitional stages of the air-car industry. Every day nearly, new machines for which their designers claim especial superiority either in safety, range of speeds, or comfort and suitability for a rapidly increasing number of owner pilots, appear on the Continent, in America, and in England. Their very frequency indicates that we have not yet reached that zenith of satisfaction which the standardization of the road auto points to.

We are, however, moving quickly towards it. The Monospar and Autogiro classes have contributed largely to the measure of safety and comfort in flying. The one being equipped with two Pobjoy engines is able to fly with either of these out of action, and the danger attaching to a conked engine is obviously non-existent. Added to which the simple but hitherto unthought of device of a searchlight in the nose of the machine makes night-flying little more hazardous than a journey by day. The Autogiros are entirely foolproof, not being subject to the risks of losing speed and "stalling" or of spinning that attend the ordinary plane.

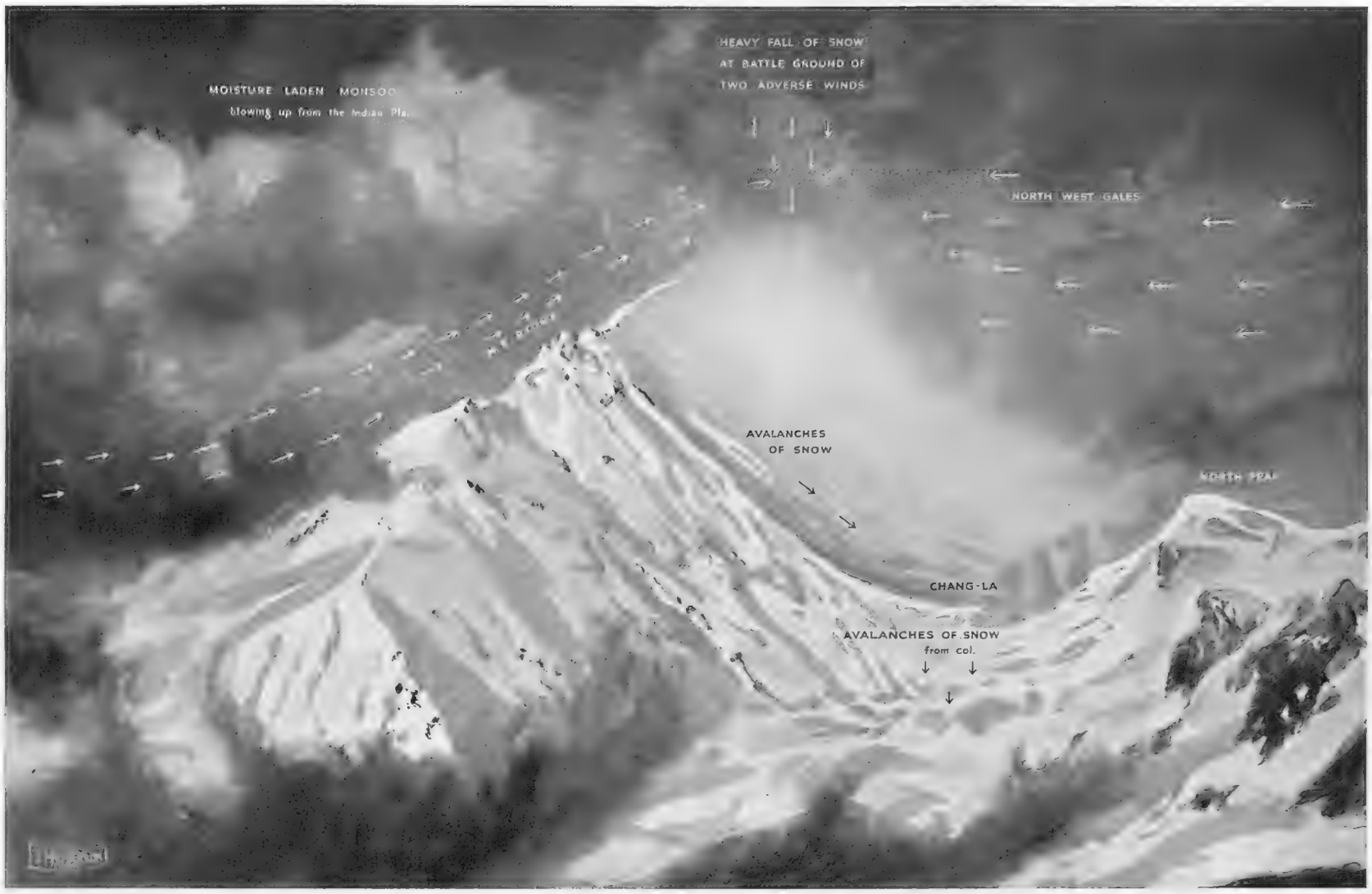
In range of speed the Heinkel H.E. 70 five-passenger commercial 'plane holds the palm with a top speed of 220 m.p.h. fully loaded, while the super sports air-car of the moment is the American single seater machine "Gee Bee." This machine which looks somewhat like a huge bumble bee is fitted with an 800-h.p. engine which at the Cleveland, Ohio, races last year set up a speed record of 296 m.p.h.

Excellent as they are, these machines are transitional types. Sufficient proof of this was afforded by the German Light Aeroplane Show held in Berlin last October. The drawing above by Hans Vogel gives his idea of a main road in the near future. Beside it is a picture of an actual model in the show—the Aero-auto. It can only be a matter of time for this type of four-seater saloon to become generally used. Its engine burns heavy oil—economizing in fuel cost and safer than petrol, and drives the road wheels as well as the rotor blades. The absence of an airscrew is compensated for by small rudders, which provide the necessary forward impetus.

The most notable thing about the model is its total practicability. It can be driven straight out of a garage in any city to the nearest aerodrome or taking-off place. The convenience of all this will in all probability revolutionize the manufacture of aircraft for the private owner. It means that in bad weather, or if he is a bad night flyer, the pilot can always land near some road, fold his rotor blades and finish the journey by road, driving at once to the centre of any town that he may be visiting.

(*Continued on p. 70*)

THE FIRST PADDLE PLANE: Designed by Dr. Rohrbach, many of whose machines are in use on the German Luft-Hansa lines, this 'plane has a revolving wing set driven direct from the engines. The resultant lift can be arranged to give vertical or inclined ascent or descent. In the event of either or both the engines failing, autorotation of the wing set develops sufficient lift to enable a landing to be made at a safe speed



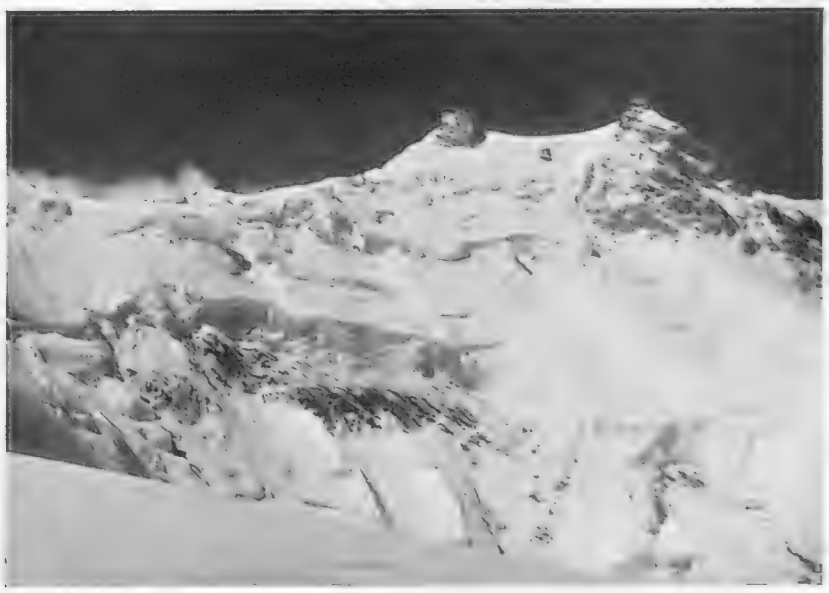
Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE BATTLE OF THE WINDS ON MOUNT EVEREST: The low moisture-laden monsoon clouds come sailing up on the Bay of Bengal current and hit the southern massif of Everest at about 11,000 ft. They then sweep upwards and meet the cold high north-west winds at the summit. This battle results in heavy falls of snow on the slopes of Everest both south and north

THE MONSOON CONQUERS

The Withdrawal of the Everest Land Expedition

On Friday last it was announced that the Everest Land Expedition, under the leadership of Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, was to be withdrawn. The snow conditions had proved too severe for any further attempts to be made this season. Recent telegrams had reported the strategic retirement of the expedition to its camp on the East Rongbuk glacier, and the final push demonstrated clearly the impossibility of any further high climbing. It was impossible to reach even the Col itself from which the high climbing normally begins. Avalanches of snow were falling from this position, and the ropes previously fixed were found to be buried 2 ft. deep in snow. In earlier attempts two members of the expedition crossed the head of the Great Couloir under the summit pyramid. It has been ascertained that the second step of the north-east arête presents tremendous difficulties. It is also of great interest to learn that four members of this expedition reached a height of 28,000 ft. without oxygen. But the monsoon was too much for any human endeavour; the sloping slabs of rock were covered with new snow, and it is a matter for immense satisfaction that the expedition sets out on its return home without human loss.



HEAVY ICE AND SNOW ON HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN FACES: These two pictures, taken from *The Himalayan Journal* (Vol. 5), edited by Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Mason, show in excellent fashion how accumulations of ice and snow can gather on Himalayan slopes under certain conditions. Both are views of Nanga Parbat. They illustrate an article on the attack on this peak which took place last year. This journal, published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, is full of interesting and first-hand information concerning the whole range of the Himalayas

IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT

DOVER GOES TO SHEPHERD'S BUSH: The Southern Railway jetty and Customs houses at Dover realistically reconstructed in the Gaumont Studios, Shepherd's Bush, for the making of the new film *Channel Crossing*

SCREENING "THE WANDERING JEW": A scene from the new film now in production, under the direction of Maurice Elvey, at the Twickenham Studios. Pontius Pilate on the judgment throne asks the priests what they would have him do with Jesus of Nazareth. *Right*—FOG TO ORDER: Creating the correct atmosphere during the filming of *Channel Crossing*

THE NEW GAUMONT BRITISH STUDIO

A monument to Britain's rapidly developing film industry. This vast building, staffed by over 1,000 employees, was erected at a cost of £750,000

TOWERING ABOVE SHEPHERD'S BUSH

LONDON'S LATEST METHOD OF TRAFFIC CONTROL

THE NEW AND OLD MEET: Blackpool's new type of single-deck tramcar seen beside the older model it will supersede. The car has a streamlined body very similar to a modern luxury coach and is equipped with a sliding roof which can be opened in fine weather. During the winter months electrical heating apparatus is available, while a further innovation is the increased door space for rapid loading and unloading of passengers

SPEEDING UP NORTHERN IRELAND'S RAILWAYS: The new 600-ft. viaduct carrying the Greenisland loop line from Belfast. This important development in the system, work on which was begun in 1932, will result in the elimination of delay caused by north-bound trains having to reverse at Greenisland

Drawing by D. Macpherson

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED—ELECTROMATIC VEHICLE ACTUATED TRAFFIC SIGNALS IN OPERATION: A diagram illustrating the latest method of traffic control which is doing so much in Trafalgar Square and other busy centres to combat the rush-hour problem. Vehicle No. 0 having touched the detector pad in bottom left-hand corner, just before vehicle No 1, touched detector pad A, has been given the green signal and is seen, after the all clear, in the top right-hand corner. The control chamber (which registers contacts at all four points) has meanwhile "remembered" No. 1's signal, and, after allowing No. 0 to proceed, has then switched to green in favour of the principal road, thus allowing No's 1 and 2 to go forward. The van No. 3 has then made contact with detector pad B, and once again the lights will automatically revert to deal with the accumulating east and westbound traffic

SELF-HELP: Traffic on the Hampton Court Road, where a one-way rule is now in action, is being controlled by means of the bâton system, as the police at either end of the section are not within sight of each other. A constable is seen handing the bâton on to a motorist as he lets the last car through

ADVERTISING THE WESTERN ISLES: This novel type of van is touring London with a view to drawing attention to Messrs. David MacBrayne, Ltd.'s, steamer tours to the islands of the West coast of Scotland. It is painted a brilliant shade of crimson with a band of Stewart tartan. The pictorial panels, representing Highland beauty spots, are the work of Mr. Tom Gilfillan

DRAMA AND TERPS

"Mrs. Bluebeard" at the Garrick: Comedy with an Exuberant Display of 1933"—An Impressive Display Tilly Losch: "The Mocking

By PHILIP

THE ALHAMBRA'S SWAN SONG: Nina Verchinina (left) and Alexandra Danilova (right) who will appear in the famous *Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo* at the Alhambra, which is to be staged for a short season before the theatre finally closes down. The whole production promises to be most spectacular, and will be under the direction of Mr. W. De Basil, for many years the moving spirit of Russian opera

To see in the same twenty-four hours Mr. Ernie Lotinga in *Mrs. Bluebeard* and the entertainment at the Savoy Theatre entitled *The Ballets of 1933* is a sufficiently varied experience. I can advise a visit to both, with the ballets first.

By an unfortunate but unavoidable arrangement I saw Mr. Lotinga first and thereby wasted a valuable antidote. Yet this comedian is far too expert to be used for, as it were, medical reasons. He is positively Aristophanic; and is one of the few actors who have come within any distance of interpreting literally certain of that dramatist's directions.

In *Mrs. Bluebeard* he has surrounded himself with a ramshackle musical comedy which makes his presence on the stage of the Garrick Theatre indispensable. I shudder to think of the tedium of it without him. I once saw a pantomime at Torquay, many years ago, which was almost as feeble as this. In *Mrs. Bluebeard* there appeared to be an elderly woman who had had many husbands, one of them Mr. Lotinga and another a tall man who spoke pidgin-Italian. She takes a voyage in a steam yacht and is, of course, sea-sick, which is considered very good fun indeed The captain of the yacht and the demi-semi-Italian look for a ruby of fabulous value on a Pacific island where the native girls are all Hollywood blondes.

Mr. Lotinga marries one of the dancing twins and the Italian and the elderly woman settle down in management of an hotel, with a jazz band which can make nearly as much noise as that of Mr. Duke Ellington.

Into this tedious twaddle Mr. Lotinga infuses a personality of Cockney pugnacity, crude but effective repartee, and a selection of whistles and other noises, with appropriate gestures. He is never at a loss, and has a disarming way with him at his most exuberant moments—and with him exuberance means a lot. And he is, when you are in the mood for him, a very, very funny man.

"The Ballets of 1933"—The time for Mr. Lotinga is immediately *after* a dose at the Savoy of *The Ballets of 1933*. At least two-thirds of this entertainment is excellent, if on the gloomy side. But it is of the type that causes such hysteria among the more sibilant of the intelligentsia that one is apt to yearn for its antithesis.

It is all that is modern, of the art of the day after to-morrow. It is quite efficient and desperately sincere. It is also well equipped with a fine orchestra and other assets of an impressive and even pretentious kind. Yet the "Jooss Ballet" which recently preceded it at this theatre was a dozen times more effective with but a couple of pianos, because its methods were more direct, and because it did not clutter up its productions with "plots" barely comprehensible even with the aid of a note in the programme.

A new note, however, was undoubtedly struck, and there was usually food for thought, even if sometimes indigestible food.

"Anna Anna" showed "the Siamese sisters that exist, indissolubly linked, in the nature of every woman." In the ballet the linking is done by the exquisite dancing of Miss Tilly Losch and the much less exquisite singing of Fräulein Lotte Lenja, who, poor soul, had some dullish music to interpret.

The form of this story—if it can be called a story, is interesting; but it would, I think, lend itself better to dramatic rather than ballet treatment. In any medium it would be rather difficult to grasp, and it gave me the impression that that difficulty was being deliberately emphasized.

Still more confused and complex is *Errante*, which is not happily wedded to Schubert's quite ingenuously lovely music. This will probably afford greater pleasure if one does not worry why Miss Losch, graceful in a green dress with a train almost as long as the proscenium opening, kept fainting and embracing muscular young men and being pulled about by comely but heavily-veiled young women, and why at the close a mass of white material fell from the "flies" like a pricked balloon. The beautiful grouping and the general technical accomplishment are sufficient reward.

"Mozartiana" is the least ambitious ballet of the group, for it is just a series of dances to Mozart's music, scored by Tchaikowsky. The best dancer here was a youth, M. Ludovic Matlinsky. The ladies of the ballet seemed to come down on the stage at times with a remarkably loud thump, though that may have been the fault of loose boards.

Mlle Toumanova is remarkably clever though a little too "set." Miss Pearl Argyle continues to improve.

"The Mocking Bird."—Mr. Lionel Hale wrote a good play in *She Passed Through Lorraine*. His *The Mocking Bird*, now at the St. Martin's Theatre, is even better. Had it been much less fine than it is, it would have been of peculiar interest in that it steers a dangerous course with skill and safety.

AN ADVENTURE IN TIME AND SPACE: The most important of the forthcoming Hollywood releases is the screen adaptation of the successful play, *Berkeley Square*. The film was directed by Frank Lloyd, of *Cavalcade* fame, and the part of Peter Standish is played by its original interpreter, Leslie Howard. *Left*—Valerie Taylor as Kate Pettigrew, one of the sisters whom Standish meets during his adventure into the past. *Right*—Peter Standish (Leslie Howard) bids good-bye to Helen Pettigrew (Heather Angel) with whom he has fallen desperately in love during his excursion into the eighteenth century

CHORE OF THE WEEK

Ernie Lotinga Saves a poor Musical of Cockney Pugnacity: The "Ballets with some Exquisite Dancing by Bird" at the St. Martin's

PAGE

Almost every form of human emotion is touched upon without loss of dramatic power and without a muddle. That is an original method fraught with immense difficulty. Frequently have I expressed in these pages a longing to see a musical-comedy in which, at the end of Act II, the leading lady not only falls down a flight of stairs in a faint—that already happens in about 70 per cent. of them—but breaks her neck in the process. We could then switch suddenly to tragedy, and the last act, instead of taking place in a restaurant, would be a coroner's inquest or the crematorium at Golder's Green.

It would not be amusing, and it would not be a box-office success. But it would undoubtedly be a novelty, and it would get us away from the paralyzingly futile conventions of this still popular form of entertainment.

The degree of desirability of that second act tragedy depends, of course, on which leading lady is to be the victim. I could name some who cry aloud for the tragedy to happen not in Act II but in Act I, and not necessarily at the close of it.

Mr. Hale's play is not musical. But he covers more ground in it than any dramatist I know. I am glad that that experienced commentator, Mr. Sydney Carroll, in an article with every word of which I agree, has pointed out that this young author "starts off with broad farce, proceeds into the calm clear air of comedy, then becomes emotionally serious and almost tragic, and finishes up the adventures of his characters on the same note of farce with which he started them upon their careers. . . . There can be no more difficult task for a playwright than to skip successfully from one note to another, holding the while the spectator's sympathy."

The Mocking Bird is supposed to take place on Dartmoor, not in the prison but in a comfortable house full of uncomfortable people. They become still more uncomfortable when an unknown visitor, supposed to be an escaped convict, but in reality nothing of the sort, appears among them and shows an uncanny knowledge of their secrets. For a sanctimonious sort of person was the father of an illegitimate child. An apparently blameless old man, with a disarming store of geniality, had, years before, stolen a watch in India, and still has thieving tendencies. And there are others.

A weakness in consistency is the doubt whether house parties, particularly on Dartmoor, ever *do* harbour escaped convicts; and it is still less likely that they would do so in the case of a man who is not only unpleasant but dangerous.

Yet by his sense of dramatic skill and by his wit, Mr. Hale can keep his audience thrilled—in the best sense of that much over-worked word—and when he does not do that, he can keep them amused.

The acting is good, particularly so when it is realized how swiftly and sometimes how unexpectedly the author sees fit to "change the bowling." Mr. Leon Quartermaine's "convict" is one of the best things he has done for years. Miss Marda Vanne makes one feel that really desperate crime is just round the corner; Mr. Athole Stewart gives, as usual, a perfect picture of elderly fussiness.

No part has ever been played badly by Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, but in this case he has to exercise all his wits to make his part credible. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson was manifestly and characteristically sincere. I am wondering whether she is not apt to force this note of tense sincerity. It is a good quality; but she should go easy with it.

Mary Pickford Again.—One is rather tired of being informed that Miss Mary Pickford is very rich, so need not act on the films, and over forty, so should not.

It is not gallantry that prompts me to say that both these observations are quite beside the point, and that Miss Pickford acts very much better than anyone with such a dreadful *sobriquet* as "the world's sweetheart" might be expected to act.

Secrets, the film version of a popular play in which Miss Fay Compton appeared, is not a masterpiece, nor was the original on which it was based. But it is a good human story, and none the worse for being on the sentimental side.

MARY NEWCOMB IN A DOUBLE RÔLE: This popular actress is now appearing at both the Lyric and the Ambassadors. Her late entrance in *When Ladies Meet* allows of her taking part in a one act tour de force at the other theatre. *Left*—Mary Newcomb and Ann Todd in *When Ladies Meet*. *Right*—Miss Newcomb in *La Voix Humaine*, a twenty-five minute telephone monologue preceding *Martine* at the Ambassadors

Of course Miss Pickford is "sweet." Would one have her sour? As the loyal girl-wife who grows to middle-age and old-age through a morass of exciting adventures and a sticky bog of mawkishness, she is admirable. The greatest actress in the world could not have done better in such circumstances; I admire Miss Pickford for knowing the material that suits her, and for keeping to it. As for her showing signs of fading charms, that simply is not true. Of this type of film, and of her type of acting, I am not enamoured. But there is a place for both.

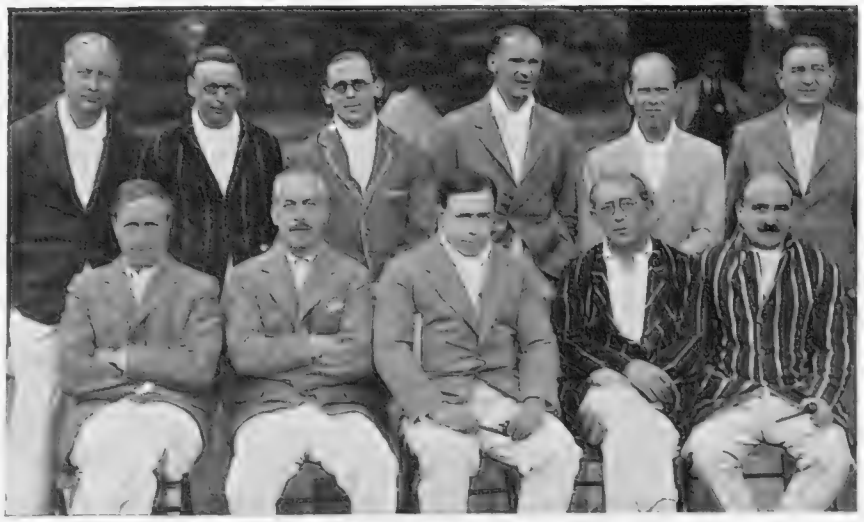
Mr. Leslie Howard, who plays "opposite" to her, is good but a trifle English-conscious. For the strange fact about Englishmen who earn much money in Hollywood on the score of their racial qualities is that they seem more English than the English themselves, *plus royaliste que le roi.*

THE YOUNG GEORGIAN DANCER, Tamara Toumanova, now appearing in the Savoy Ballet. She takes a leading part in "Mozartiana," the ballet by Georges Balanchine, in which she exhibits outstanding ability as an interpreter of the classic technique

A DUAL PERSONALITY: Tilly Losch and Lotte Lenja in *Anna Anna* at the Savoy. The two actresses symbolize the warring tendencies of Anna's character. The first, her earthbound material personality, the second her spiritual and emotional self which, in her search for success, she is compelled to subordinate

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS



A GATHERING OF THE TALENTS: The authors' team which opposed the actresses in a recent cricket match at a charity garden party at The Elms, Hampstead Heath. Front row, left to right, Messrs. A. J. Cronin, Arthur Bliss, J. B. Priestley, Sir J. C. Squire, and Mr. Ralph Straus. Back row: Messrs. Gerald Gould, Miles Malleson, James Laver, R. C. Sheriff, Alec Waugh, and Ivor Brown

Mr. John Betjeman's Indictment of Contemporary Taste: Mr. Bolitho Reveals a Quick Eye for a Strange Scene: The Reminiscences of Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria

Men who inherit houses usually sell them, men who have houses built for them generally quarrel with their architects, men who buy old houses are nearly ruined with repairs and wish they had bought new ones, and men who have bought new ones are filled with envy when they visit old ones. We are difficult to please. I have always thought that being an architect must be great fun. I am told that it is a profession full of worry and disappointment. You have ideas for the designing of a cathedral but your genius is forced into erecting garages. It is agreed that this is the worst age in the history of architecture. I believe it was always agreed. Wren and Kent and Scott must have been told that they were disfiguring the country with their monstrous erections. After the War there was a mania for pulling everything down and building anything rather than pay the Excess Profits Tax. You would think that England had come into a fortune instead of into an American debt, and I am not alone in thinking that London has been quite spoilt and has lost much of its character. Large blocks of Berlin and New York thrust themselves up over superb examples of the Regency. Perhaps this is old fogeyism.

Some of the new buildings in London fill me with rage. The concrete-cum-glass structures that look like automatic sweetmeat machines are not made lovelier with the decorations of Mr. Epstein, whose arthritical figures menace us at every turn.

These thoughts on architecture are provoked by a very readable little book, *Ghastly Good Taste*, by John Betjeman (Chapman and Hall. 5s.). Every page of this book is provocative, original, and enjoyable. Mr. Betjeman is something of an *enfant terrible*. His most devastating blow at the spirit of the age is not his text, deadly though it is, but an astonishing and perturbing panorama enclosed at the end of the book. It is the most terrible indictment of contemporary taste I have ever seen. The panorama drawn by Mr. Fleetwood Hesketh is called "The Street of Taste, or The March of English Art Down the Ages." The drawing begins on the left with a Tudor House and proceeds through a section entitled, "Educated Class," through Jacobean, Queen Anne, Georgian and late Georgian, to the section "Educated Class Self-Conscious" of Sloane and the Regency. We then march to Mr. Ruskin's Gothic, to Queen Victoria's own classical style suitable for station hotels, on to the "Middle Class Self-Conscious," the Neo-Gothic, the Norman Shaw Dutch Renaissance, to 1912 and present day "commercial pseudo-renaissance still used extensively by knighted architects." But this is not the worst. The panorama closes with "Big Business and Chaos, Jazz-Modern, a misinterpretation of simplicity suitable for super Cinemas." One glance from Tudor at the extreme left, to Tubelstein at the extreme right, will show how we have gone from the home of the Plantagenets to the palaces of Greta Garbo. I would like this most entertaining book to have one more panorama, one that I progress through every time I motor down the Great West Road. Here is Big Business going all out with concrete, glass, electricity, and vulgarity. The Palladian-cum-Epstein-go-Gothic, frilled, coloured and nightsigned, stretches along the road to lovely Bath.

Successively you pass through areas of Texas, Mexico, Palestine, Montmartre and Moorish Seville. I await a Venetian Campanile. A gasworks has almost supplied a leaning tower of Pisa. Motor Tyres, Toothpaste, Scent, Swimming Suits, Potato Crisps, Fire Extinguishers and Screen Wipers are all symbolized. Here a Persian garden, with fountain complete, advertises the advance on pyorrhœa, here an Egyptian temple, a trifle removed from Baalbec, testifies to the efficacy of reinforced rubber. Elsewhere a slim lady dives into a factory consecrated to bathing costumes, slyly slit, and the down breeze brings a Parisian odour from a scent villa, whose external parterres symbolize the floral debauch within. In the course of five miles one traverses the new and old worlds. The procession is brought up with an offer of a building contractor's "little palaces" for £600 freehold, including marble bathrooms.

In *Ghastly Good Taste* Mr. Betjeman reviews the downfall of the old English family. The son who came back from the Grand Tour was never content with his father's house. He made it Roman, or Grecian, or Venetian, according to his experience. Now the petrol pump blossoms at the Squire's gates, and he lives in the library, where he does everything but read, because the servant problem has shut down most of his rooms. He will go, and if a school does not come, the wrecker will complete the ruin begun by taxation and ended by the local motor-bus. Mr. Betjeman is a learned as well as an entertaining cicerone.

He lingers sadly over the Regency. "So far the educated people were on top. These were the last days of England, and the best; she had created a distinct Empire style, distinct from the French. Her simple architecture was put up in all her colonies, in many of which it has been allowed to remain. It is equally at home there as it is in London; beloved of the Americans, not even despised in Jamaica, the Regency architecture still stands for ubiquity and restraint. British Government houses abroad had an austerity and aloofness that matched the competent officials within them. And if sometimes there was a bit of Mohammedan, Gothic, or Chinese decoration, what matter as yet? It was but plaster deep, and behind was a solid British brick wall."

Mr. Hector Bolitho calls his book *Beside Galilee* (Cobden Sanderson. 7s 6d.) a diary in Palestine. It is something more than this. It is not only the story of his trip through the Holy Land but goes farther, into the intimacies of his own life. For this reason it is a little difficult to know where fact ends and fantasy begins. We meet a Mr. Bolitho who, in one mood at least, has turned his back on the Café de Paris and the cocktail bars of the West End, and, expressing a dislike of mankind, retreats into a kind of Buddhist mysticism. In other mood he is the very alert journalist, not a little dismayed by the ingratitude of the Jews towards Britain, who has worked so hard to give them a foothold in Palestine. The squabble between the Arab and the Jew seems to admit of no settlement. The fault lies, says Mr. Bolitho, in the fact that they are following a religious idea, and are theorists. "The hideous nightmare of Zionism comes with the recollection that they are buying their land instead of fighting for it. And no great nation has ever bought its earth. Nor have the great leaders of nations ever been great scholars. History is made by men of character; scholars merely record it. Zionism has enlisted too many scholars and too few farmers and soldiers." He finds the Jewish town of Tel Aviv on the sea coast the ugliest and the most vital city he has ever seen. It is boycotted by the Arab who regards it with scorn and says: "It is built upon sand. No civilization has ever been able to exist for very long upon the edge of our desert. Some day the great sand will breathe and move, and then the city of the Jews will tumble into the sea and we shall have peace again." The charm of Galilee seems to have captured Mr. Bolitho and he writes of his sojourn on its shores with love and much poetry. I am inclined to wonder when he tells us of goatherds who came to play on their pipes to him, who played all night, and departing at dawn would take no pay but gave him a gift of roses. This sounds too much like the poetic muse. Occasionally Mr. Bolitho has to be watched, he is so fond of muttering an abracadabra and leaving you hypnotized. He is careless, too. It is scarcely complimentary to Mussolini to tell us that he saw him in the Palazzo *Venezzia*, and Wagner's name could not have been *Siegfreid*, and it is mere preciousness to talk of "the meretricious cleverness and the intellectual laziness of my generation." Men have been meretricious and lazy in all ages. They have been forgotten, that is all. And when Mr. Bolitho writes, "In this withered day, men with courage are so rare that I cannot call more than one or two to mind," he merely dismisses the War in wilful blindness, and alienates all toleration with the preposterous statement that "to-day the little Englander fulfils his destiny by feeding tomtits upon his Sussex lawn." This is mere childishness. These lapses from common sense apart, Mr. Bolitho is often a charming guide. He has a quick eye for a strange scene. So far as I am concerned he has destroyed Jerusalem with his vivid account of its feuds, filth, and superstitions, but he has made me restless for the shores of Galilee. Like so many he regards the Arab Jew problem with despair, and pointedly observes that since the English have never succeeded in settling down with the Irish, how can we ever hope to settle the Jew with the Arab.

Major Desmond Chapman-Hudson is a kind of literary Chamberlain to the deposed Royalty of Europe. He now introduces a new volume, *Through Four Generations* (Murray. 18s.), which contains the reminiscences of Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, Infanta of Spain. The strange thing about all these Royal memoirs is that all Royalties seem never to have wanted or encouraged war, that they are broad-minded, with interests spread through the various nations into which they have married. They suffer, since members of these polyglot families must experience the sorrows of loss and defeat, and yet how powerless they would appear to be in averting war! Who is then to blame? Here is a highly intelligent and lovable woman. Naturally she defends her family. She makes a spirited defence of her mother, Queen Isabel of Spain. The aunt of Alfonso XIII, she married Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, and shared the terrible experiences that visited the Wittelbachs when the Revolution came. There is a vivid picture of Paris before 1870, of Queen Isabel's deposition, of mad King Ludwig's tragic end, of life at Nymphenburg, of the régime of Eisner. The downfall of Alphonso is dramatically viewed from another angle through the letters that passed between members of the Spanish Royal family. The book closes with formidable pedigrees. It would seem that there is only one Royal family and that some member of it occupies every throne in Europe.

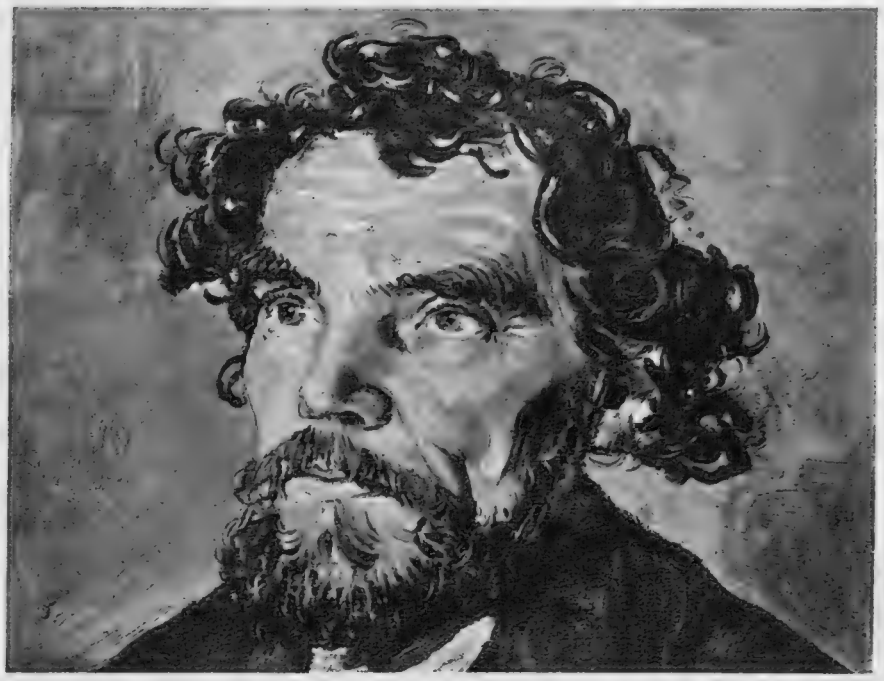
Sir Norman Angell's book, *The Great Illusion*, is now something of a classic. It can be regarded as an "I-told-you-so" book, for practically all that its author prophesied before the War came true. It does not follow, however, that what can be foreseen can necessarily be prevented, and this is where Sir Norman is apt to be doctrinaire. The logic of his case is impregnable, but mankind unhappily is not actuated by logic, and this fact makes much of Sir Norman's case fallible. If he fails, however, it is on the side of the angels, and no one can read this book without profit to his reason and goodwill. He has now brought the book up to date, and he prefaces it with *The Great Illusion, 1933*. Part of the original book has been re-written, but not altered in design. "It began as a pamphlet written by a busy man, managing at that time a considerable continental business. Later it had to be added to. The result was a hodge-podge which positively appalled its author. But it got across." The new edition is published by Heinemann at 6s.

A Glastonbury Romance by John Cowper Powys (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) contains some half a million words. I have not read them all. It is unnecessary, life is too short, and the jacket of the book is plastered with opinions from eminent critics who have been privileged to read before publication. We are assured by one that "it is one of the greatest novels in the world"; by another that no writer for the last thirty years has shown such "power and poetry"; by another that "it has something of the mighty pantheism of Rubens"; by another that it has left him "quite without words"; by another that "Mr. Powys is the greatest living writer of fiction." After all these trumpets let us be dumb with wonder. I dipped and swooned. Thus the hero—"The mass and volume of his being was composed of a weight of cold phlegmatic substance that was always sinking down, by a weird gravitational pull, to a species of preorganic cosmic inertia." I remained unroused by this erotic bunkum.

ART of YESTERDAY and TO-DAY

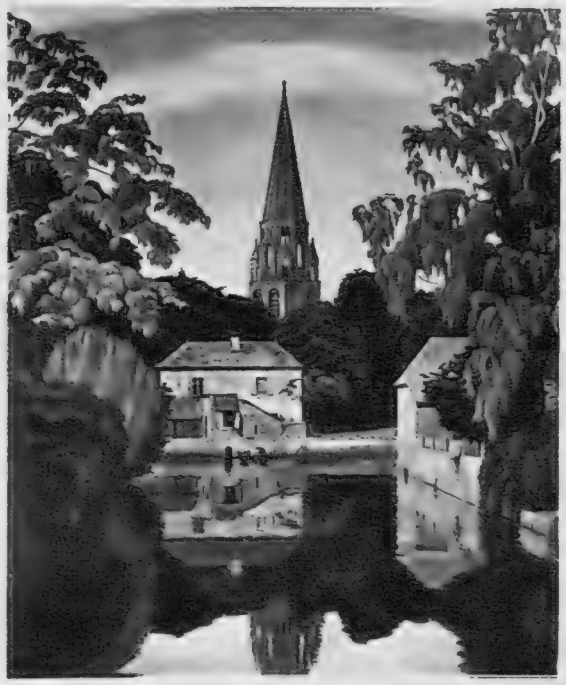
In the Galleries and Salerooms of London and the Continent

A CLEVER PORTRAIT BY CHARLES BUCHEL: This portrait of Miss Dash is an outstanding item in the exhibition of the United Society of Artists now being held in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall



"TYPES D'HOMME," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH: This tour de force of rapid brush work came into the market at the recent sale of the "collection of an amateur" at Mensings of Amsterdam; it shows a strong Flemish type

AT THE BURNE-JONES CENTENARY EXHIBITION: The portraits by Burne-Jones in the collection now on exhibition at the Tate Gallery are proving more interesting to visitors than the well-known "Arthurian" compositions. The above is a portrait of Miss Gaskell

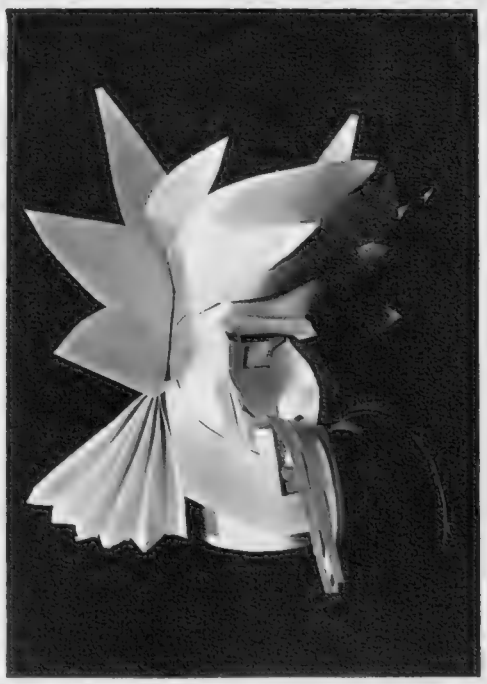


BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST: The delightful repose of this picture by Edward Bruce, entitled "Vendôme" is characteristic of the best work by this artist. His canvases are now drawing art lovers to the Leicester Galleries

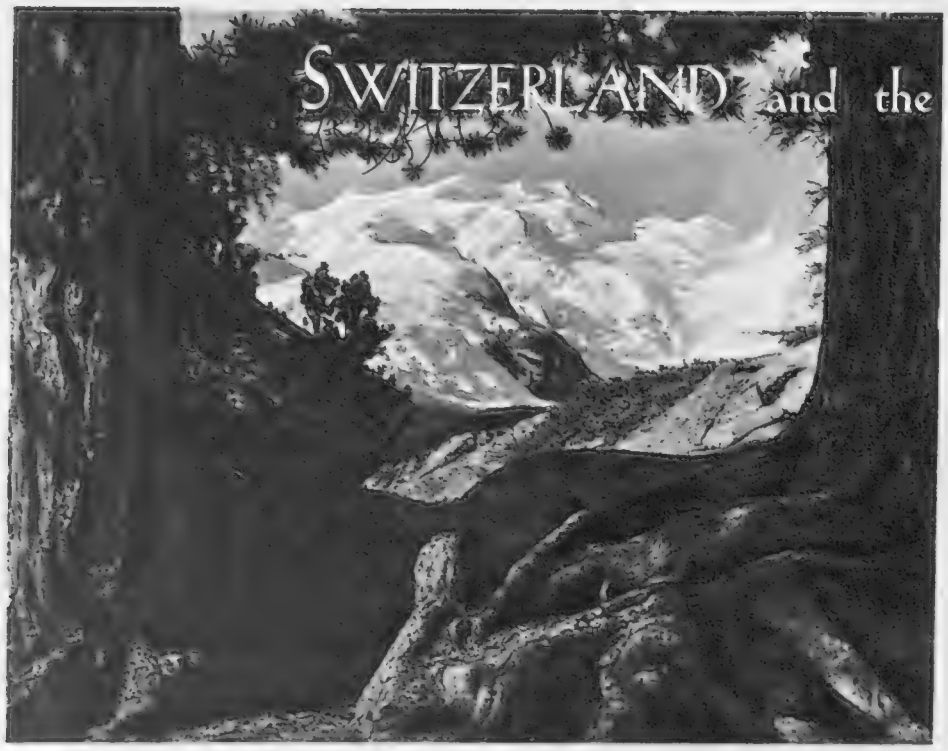
A DETAIL FROM A GUSTAVE COURBET: This picture is entitled "La Biche Blessée" and was painted in 1867. It was sold last month in Amsterdam

"Since the Chanterou *affaire*, one is a little afraid of French nineteenth century pictures that come into the market without unquestionable details of pedigree; and even then one is timid," writes a correspondent. "When asked if such or such a picture is genuine one feels inclined to say, with a famous Paris art dealer: 'I don't know. I was not there when it was painted.'

"The collection, *d'un amateur*, of nineteenth to twentieth century French paintings put up for sale the other day by Messrs. Mensings of Amsterdam, was genuine enough; the name of the auctioneers is a pretty good guarantee. The quality of the examples by Renoir, Pissarro, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Lautrec and Picasso, is the quality of those masters without a doubt; and if not always that quality in its most capricious form, is nevertheless masterly—something streets ahead of the average. They are all—even Picasso, who has not yet barked his shins on Cubism—full of that tenderness and atmospheric colouring, which was a mark of the school."



WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH WHITE PASTE-BOARD: Two examples of the clever work of the Polish sculptor Stanislaw Raczinsky. On the left is a Slavonic mask and on the right is the extraordinarily clever "Portrait of Mr. A. Z."



PEAKS OF THE BELLAVISTA: A magnificent view of a famous mountain of the Bernina group. Taken from the Morteratsch Valley, near Pontresina

Pontresina and the Bernina Group

No one who has seen the Bernina group of mountains, some of the finest in the world, has failed to come under their spell. In winter, or in the summer, the grandeur, the majesty of this vast collection of snow-clad peaks, sheer rock-masses, and glaciers enthral and awe one, but in summer, the contrast between these barren wastes of rock and snow and the pine-clad, flower-spangled slopes of the hills which surround them, and the emerald green of the rich valley pastures, is so striking, that perhaps it is then one realizes more fully the beauty—the fascination of the scene.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PONTRESINA: The peak of Piz Palu with the church of Ste. Maria and the Sarasin Tower in the foreground

And this is why in the summer time the town of Pontresina, so picturesquely situated at the foot of the Bernina Pass, is thronged with tourists eager to see the summer glories of the Bernina Group—of Piz Palu, Bellavista, Piz Bernina, Piz Roseg, and Glüschlaint, well-named, in Romansch, the "lovely one"! An excellent motor road from Pontresina leads to the Bernina Pass, and from there, overlooking the lovely mountain lakes of Bianco and Nair, there is a wonderful view of the Bernina Range, or you may journey on, by road or over the Bernina railway, to Alp Grüm, another excellent view-point, and from here, after you have beheld the beauty of the eternal snows, you may gaze southwards adown the green valleys of the Poschiavo to where the plains of Italy shimmer in the summer sun!

From Pontresina, nestling on the eastern slopes of the lovely Roseg Valley, screened from the wind, in abundant sunshine, and with pure mountain air, rich with the fragrance of the surrounding pinewoods, you can ascend also, by funicular railway, to the heights of Muottas Muraigl, and see, stretched at your feet, the green plain of Samaden, leading, by way of Celerina and the Cresta Valley, to St. Moritz and the chain of silvery lakes beyond.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE PEAKS: The tree-lined slopes of the Roseg Valley. A beauty spot within two hours' walking distance of Pontresina

And you can walk through the woods, rich in wild flowers, to St. Moritz, passing the Stazer See, and taking tea very pleasantly, if you wish, at the Meierei, with a charming view of St. Moritz Lake and peaks Julier and Albana.

Although the chief attraction of Pontresina in the summer-time is its admirable situation as a centre for mountain walks and climbs, it is also well organized as a sports' centre. The large hotels have their tennis courts; at Samaden, hard by, there is a fine eighteen-hole golf course; good trout fishing is to be obtained within easy distance, and excellent bathing, and sun-bathing at the Stazer See, among the larch and pine woods halfway between Pontresina and St. Moritz, or up at Lej Nair, amid the glories of the Bernina, whilst good hard roads, with a gradient which is surprisingly easy for a mountain district, enable you to visit, comfortably and quickly, most of the many beauty spots in other parts of the Engadine, but you will not be likely to find any to excel, as a holiday centre, the possibilities of Pontresina.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS.

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered, and in order that the replies may be as full as possible readers are asked to send threepence in stamps in order to cover the cost of postage of booklets relating to their enquiry

VALLEY of the RHONE

Villars as a Summer Resort

The Valley of the Rhone has always exercised a fascination for tourists, and little wonder, having regard to its beauty in summer time—the swift-flowing waters, fed by glaciers and mountain streams, coursing between meadows of emerald green, splashed with the vivid colours of masses of wild flowers, and flanked by sharply-rising hills and tall mountains, with snow-capped peaks beyond. Lower hill-slopes are dotted with the vineyards which produce the famous Rhone Valley wines, and everywhere are signs of busy husbandry, of peasants taking full advantage of the genial season of the year.

It is hot in the valley itself, but high up on the plateaux by which it is overlooked, are pleasant little settlements where the view of Alpine scenery is extensive, and the air is cool and refreshing, and it is here that the holiday-maker wisely decides to pitch his tent and explore the neighbourhood. And of such settlements, none can excel, in variety of scenery, in purity of air, and as a centre for excursions, the mountain resort of Villars. A pleasant journey over a narrow-gauge line, from Bex-les-Bains, on the main Lausanne-Brig line, which winds in snake-like fashion around the spurs of hills, dives in between pine forests, and skirts thrillingly the brink of ravines down which dash mountain torrents, takes you up on to a fine, broad plain, some 4,250 ft. above sea level, and here is Villars.

It has a magnificent situation. Shut off by high mountains from the north and the east, which give ample protection from the cold winds from those quarters, it faces south and west, and affords a magnificent view of the northern peaks of the Mont Blanc group, the Dent de Morcles, the Dent du Midi, and the Valley of the Rhone, whilst looking northwards and eastwards one sees the wild, rugged scenery of the Grand and Petit Muveran, and of a part of the vast range of the Diablerets.

PANORAMA: The town of Villars in a charming summer setting with the snow-covered slopes of the Grand Muveran in the distance

Such is the marvellous view from Villars; all about the place itself are park-like grounds, with very agreeable walks, here well-shaded, there leading across meadows so rich in wild flowers as to form a mosaic of vivid and enchanting colouring.

As a centre for climbing, Villars is extremely well situated, with the Grand Muveran and the peaks of the Diablerets family near at hand, whilst, by descending into the Rhone Valley and ascending on the opposite side, it is possible to negotiate the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi. Then one may make interesting trips by rail to the neighbouring villages of Arveyes and Chesières, and to Bex and Gryon, or, by an excellent motor road, to the pleasant town of Aigle.

A VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF VILLARS PALACE HOTEL of the distant peaks of the Dent du Midi in the Savoy Alps

Villars has the reputation of being one of the best organized winter sports' centres in Switzerland. This it maintains in the domain of summer sport, golf, on a nine-hole and very sporting, course, tennis, swimming, in a fine open-air pool, equipped with the latest devices for combining exercise with amusement, and sunbathing, are all available within a stone's throw of that splendid hostelry, the mainstay and the pride of Villars—the Villars Palace Hotel.

THE LAKE OF CHAVONNE: An Alpine lake lying some 1,500 ft. above Villars and almost at the foot of the Chamossaire (7,000 ft.). The ascent of the mountain, for which it is not necessary to employ the services of a guide, provides one of Villars' most delightful climbing excursions

A LAST LOOK ROUND

THE PIPERS IN PARIS: A huge crowd thronged the Jardin d'Acclimatation last Sunday, when pipers of the Scots Guards regaled Paris with a display of national dances

CAPTIVATING THE FRENCH CAPITAL: The Grenadier Guards' Band, seen marching down the Avenue de l'Opéra, was easily the principal attraction of Paris' International festival of military music. The splendid precision of their playing created intense enthusiasm

ART TO THE AID OF CHARITY: Hanging pictures at the Invitation Exhibition now being held at Sunderland House in aid of the Hampstead district organization of the League of Mercy

THE SOCIAL HYGIENE CONGRESS IN LONDON: Dr. Cavaillon addressing a meeting of the delegates at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Next to the speaker are (left to right) Dr. Edward L. Keyes, the Right Hon. L. S. Amery, and Sir Basil Blackett

TRAFFIC SIGNS FOR LONDON'S RIVER HIGHWAY: The growing popularity of motor boating and yachting has led to the introduction of a scheme to assist amateur mariners in finding their way. The first of these buoys is seen being placed in the water at Holehaven Spit

DERELICT AMID DESOLATION: The ill-fated luxury liner *Bermuda*, twice burnt out and now a wreck in Eddrachillis Bay on the north-west coast of Scotland. While being towed from Belfast to the breaking yards of Metal Industries Ltd. at Rosyth she cut adrift from the tugs in bad weather and finally grounded on a desolate portion of the coast, where she is now at the mercy of wind and weather

THE WEATHER'S MIDSUMMER MADNESS: A "wintry" July street scene from Copenhagen where, for a few hours last week, the roads were covered with a deep fall of snow. Traffic was seriously hampered

KHARTUM UNDER A CLOUD OF SAND: A violent sandstorm menaced the city recently and for nearly an hour-and-a-half it was impossible to distinguish any object farther than a few yards. In the above picture the storm is seen advancing over the roof tops

IN THE NEWS

Personalities of the Hour

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. R. LAURIE, recently appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, arriving in riding kit to take up his new duties at Scotland Yard

HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Charles Laughton (now shorn of his beard), Thelma Todd, and Sally Eilers enjoying an early morning cup of tea at Waterloo before their departure for America's film capital

A CHINESE POLICE CHIEF ARRIVES IN LONDON: Mr. Tseng Noo Yao, Commissioner of Police, Shanghai, seen at Waterloo Station after his arrival from the East

WINCHESTER AND ETON'S CENTENARY CRICKET ENCOUNTER: The rival captains, A. W. E. Winlow (Winchester) and N. S. Hotchkin (Eton), presenting each other with silver trophies in honour of the occasion. The match was drawn after some heavy scoring by both sides

A WHITEHALL AFFAIR: Mr. Walter Hackett presenting his wife, Marion Lorne, with a replica of herself as the barmaid in the successful play, *Road House*, at the Whitehall Theatre

MISS WYN CLARE, the young British film star, leaving the church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, with Mr. Eric Bransby Williams, to whom she was married last week

AIDING THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT: Lady Maureen Stanley, the hardworking joint chairman of the ball in aid of the Dockland Settlement, which was scheduled to take place on July 6 at the Dorchester

"SMILIN' THROUGH": Mrs. Irving Thalberg, better known as Norma Shearer, seen with her husband at Gleneagles, where the couple are spending a fortnight's holiday. Mr. Thalberg is vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and head of production

DRESS REHEARSAL: The Hon. Barbara North, Miss Patricia Chichester, and Miss Penelope Harrison at a rehearsal for this week's children's dancing matinée held at the Hippodrome in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street

THE SECRET OF BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE

Perfect Proportions Past and Present

Reflecting the Influences of the Era in which they were Created

The hands of our craftsmen have lost none of their cunning, for the mahogany side-table in the above picture is a perfect reproduction of an English design of 1740. The rails are beautifully carved in a shell and acanthus pattern which is harmoniously continued on the "knee" of the legs. In the original the top was of marble, but here very fine Cuba mahogany has been substituted. The date of the originals of the mahogany seats is about ten years later. The upholstered backs and arms are finished with mahogany scrolls with a carved rope moulding, and the legs have ball and claw feet. The carved and gilt mirror is of early Chippendale design. Made by Howard and Sons, of Berners Street, who are also responsible for the chest and chair below, on the right; these reproductions are faithful in every detail

Modern furniture may be acquired most advantageously at Hampton's, of Pall Mall, during the next few weeks, when special sale offers are being made. A walnut dressing-table, part of a suite which also includes a wardrobe, chest, pedestal cupboard and chairs, is shown in the sketch above. The beautiful marking of the wood is thrown into high relief by the absence of extraneous ornamentation, and the clear slender lines are reflected again in the chromium-plated lamp with its black base

Serpentine shaped fronts belong to the English period of 1750. Illustrated above is one of a pair of Cuba mahogany chests. The drawer fronts are veneered, the bottom one being broken forward, and the bracket feet are carved with acanthus leaves. An acanthus and scroll design is beautifully executed in the mahogany chair, the carving having a Chippendale character of 1760. The seat and back are covered in red damask

THE PETROL WORLD

SMARTNESS AND SPEED: The 21-60-h.p. Wolseley belonging to Major Kenneth Savory which won a prize at the Concours d'Elegance held at Eastbourne last month. The body was built to the owner's special design

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

The outside public are always bewildered as to how improvements can possibly be effected in this car. I have often been mystified myself, but having just completed 1,500 miles on a brand new 20-25-h.p. synchro-mesh model, I can testify quite definitely that immense improvements have been made. Having experienced them I am beginning to wonder how any further improved chassis can emanate from Derby, but no doubt in due course a new one will arrive, though how it will differ from the present chassis I cannot imagine. Still, I expect the directors of Rolls-Royce Limited and the staff never give up striving to attain the ideal of perfection and as I suppose no piece of machinery will ever be perfect so the striving will continue.

ROLLS-ROYCE.—For more years than I care to remember I, in common with other motoring journalists, have been writing annually about Rolls-Royce cars. As far as I have been concerned my remarks were always based on just a day's run and, of course, the number of miles covered was sufficient to impress any normal individual as regards the better known qualities of this world-famous car. A run to Bournemouth and back in a Rolls-Royce will always show the driver, and the occupants that no car in the world runs more silently, more smoothly, has finer suspension, better brakes, etc. We have also been told that no Rolls-Royce car has ever been withdrawn from the road through mechanical breakdown or what we are pleased to call fair wear and tear.

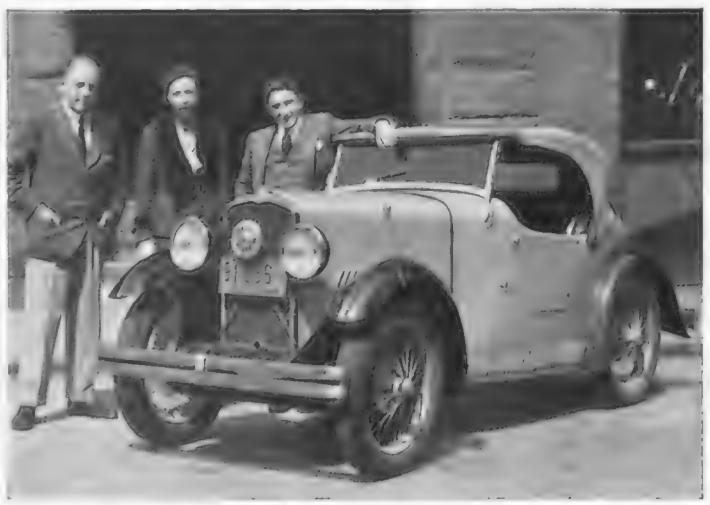
Until I was fortunate enough to possess one of the smaller models I really thought that I knew all there was to be known about these cars, but now having driven 10,000 miles since last November I am able to appreciate what I think is the most striking quality of a Rolls—it never varies, and this is true even if the car is grossly ill-treated. I have owned many other makes, but I have never found this particular quality developed to an extent that it could be noticed. If the car will go up a certain hill on top gear and breast the summit at 32 m.p.h. it will do exactly the same on the next occasion, but perhaps the most striking instance of this unchangeability is to be found in the throttle. Once the engine is warmed up and the mixture lever is set in the usual mid-way position the engine will just turn over when the throttle lever is set in one particular notch. If the lever is brought back to the next notch the engine definitely stops.

That was the state of affairs when I bought the car second-hand in the beginning of November, 1932, and it was just the same when I said good-bye to the car at the beginning of last month. Of course, when the bonnet is lifted and the control rods, the levers, the joints, and all the other bits and pieces which are used just to control the carburettor and magneto are seen, it is not so difficult to appreciate how this typically British quality of unchangeability is provided.

CHEAP IN THE LONG RUN.—Another very satisfying point in connection with Rolls-Royce's is that, although the price may appear to be steep, ninety-nine times out of a hundred the owner knows exactly what his car will fetch at the end of the first, second, or any other subsequent year. In this way there is no buying in the dark, and accordingly the owner can see exactly how much his motoring will cost him per year. Again the outlay, as I said before, may be high, but there is no car in the world that costs less for repairs, adjustments, and replacements. This is my own experience, and it was confirmed to me only the other day by the director of one of our largest firms of contractors who told me that they run a fleet of Rolls-Royce—I think he said six or seven—for business purposes, and they did so purely because it worked out cheaper in the long run.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEW CAR: The Sunbeam 6-cylinder enclosed limousine recently supplied to the Duke of Gloucester through the Car Mart, Ltd., of Park Lane, W. This is His Royal Highness's sixth Sunbeam

A SPORTING AUSTIN.—A new Austin Seven sports model is now available. The manufacturers have gone to considerable trouble in producing an exceedingly low-built chassis for this new car, and with a sporting-looking body the whole outfit is attractive. Actually, the seats are only 14 in. above the ground, this low centre of gravity being obtained by the use of a special front axle, the semi-elliptic spring on which has a reversed camber. The quarter-elliptic springs at the rear are particularly flat. The general design and the size of the engine are similar to the standard model, but a down-draught carburettor, special valve gear, special manifolding, and a high-compression cylinder head allow the engine to give 23 b.h.p. at 4,800 revolutions a minute. As might be expected with an engine boosted up in this way, the gear ratios have been altered from those prevailing on the standard model. The top gear is slightly lower, having a ratio of 5.6 to 1, whereas the ratios of the other three gears are actually higher, being 8.6, 13.7, and 19.6 respectively. The specification includes a spring-arm steering wheel, single panel sports screen, and a wire-mesh radiator guard. The long bonnet covers an accessibly-situated accumulator, and the tail conveniently houses the spare wheel, jack, and wheel-base, but at the same time there is ample room for luggage behind the seats. The price of the car is £148 complete, and it will certainly sell well at such a low figure.



ACHIEVEMENT: Mr. G. A. Woods (right) who, two years ago, crossed the American continent from New York to Vancouver in a Triumph Super Eight, taking a southern route via Los Angeles and covering a distance of 5,150 miles. Now he has recrossed in the same car by a more difficult but shorter route, covering the 3,538 miles of this journey in eight days twelve hours, averaging 416 miles a day

A LITERARY TREASURE: The late Lord Rosebery's famous Shakespeare First Folio

£14,500

A Record Price for the late Lord Rosebery's First Folio of the Shakespearean Plays

The record price of £14,500 which was given last week in the salerooms of Messrs. Sotheby for the late Lord Rosebery's copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays has aroused interest in circles which usually pay scant attention to such matters. At week-end dinner tables, queries have been propounded as to what exactly was the First Folio—and wasn't there something about a Quarto?—and what did it all mean with regard to Shakespeare? With this prevailing vagueness about us, it is perhaps well to look into the matter and see what is known about the First Folio.

When Shakespeare died in 1616, he left behind him no complete edition of his works; indeed only two of his poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, had been issued with his permission. Several of his plays had been printed in separate form—but these had been private efforts by publishers who had speculated on the playwright's popularity, and had not been corrected or supervised by the author. These are known as the Quartos, and were issued at sixpence each, some of them running into five editions, which seems to prove that they were successful ventures. If only that dream were possible, of turning back the wheel of time, and bringing back something tangible, how one would choose a day in Shakespeare's time, and rush to one of the booksellers near St. Dunstan's Church, and purchase a Quarto fresh from the press.

Seven years after Shakespeare's death there appeared the First Folio edition of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies*, and in this edition all the plays were included except that of *Pericles*. We owe this famous edition to the two actor friends of Shakespeare, John Heming and Henry Condell, who assure us in their dedicatory address to William, Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, that they collected the plays for this edition "without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive as was our Shakespeare."

It has of late years been suggested that the lapse of seven years between Shakespeare's death and the official edition of his plays had some connection with his widow. Anne Shakespeare, better known to tourists to Stratford-on-Avon as Anne Hathaway, is said to have become a strict Puritan in her later years, and as such to have disapproved of plays generally, and perhaps to have been averse to any edition of her husband's plays when approached on the subject. It is somewhat significant that it was not until her death in 1623 that in that very year the First Folio edition appeared.

The printers of the Folio were Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, the latter having been a great friend of Christopher Marlowe, and been instrumental in getting together the publication of some of Marlowe's poems after his death. The publishers who seem to have been responsible for the financial side ("printed at the charges of") were William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwick, and William Apsley. But it is to the devotion and enthusiasm of Heming and Condell that we owe this complete edition.

This First Folio edition has been estimated to have consisted of 500 copies of which about 200 copies have been traced. Many of them have slight variation, misprints, and other irregularities, adding interest to the collector.

The Rosebery Folio has gone to America, having been bought for Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, and may possibly find its way to the great Folger Library at Washington.

Thirsty days are here again—
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For a real thirst quencher, Schweppes Ginger Beer with a slice of lemon, or for those who prefer it – a dash of gin.

–therefore **Schweppes**

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

STANDARD AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from p. 56)

Naturally with the advent of such a machine the arterial roads will need common-sense development. Hans Vogel's main road would provoke too many "Grieved (or Infuriated) Pedestrians" to forcible comment, and random taking off from any less crowded patch could scarcely be countenanced. I look forward to the day when, travelling on the Great West Road at night, I shall come to a new kind of illuminated sign, viz., Aero-Auto Park—½ mile on left; and presently a floodlit concrete landing ground appears just off the road with a shadow bar guiding the landing machine.

Prominent at the same show was the prototype of the seaside pleasure boat—"Week-end Amphibian." This luxury craft has a folding tractor type under-carriage for use on land, and the two large floats give the machine exceptional stability on water. Most up-to-date is a liquid rocket apparatus at the stern of the boat, whereby a more rapid take-off is assured. With characteristic German thoroughness the wings are so constructed that the outer sections can be easily removed during rough weather at sea.

Germany, indeed, would seem to be more occupied at the moment than other nations with the development of aircraft for the future. Just as these forecasts in machines for the private owner outstrip anything yet produced, so the designs for huge commercial airships now under construction threaten to reduce our own largest liners and flying boats to the position of back numbers in aerial transport. Without any question the capturing of transoceanic transport is the object in view. This summer sees the South American line well ahead with the *Westfalen* refuelling in mid-ocean. I have no doubt that next summer will see the Berlin-New York non-stop fully established with similar though larger floating stations on the route. With machines whose speed is estimated at 300 m.p.h. this feat should present no extraordinary difficulties of accomplishment.

The newest idea for airship construction is the paddle wheel. The "Air Paddler" was invented by Vincent Wisniewski, a Berlin architect, who has been experimenting with this type of airborne craft for the last thirty years. Lift is given to the machine by revolving planes fixed to two large cranks on either side of the body which turn at 30 r.p.m. The planes, being specially geared, remain horizontal while revolving. The whole design is based upon the flight of birds. As, when a bird flies, the feathers of the wings open on the upward stroke and close on the downward, so in the planes or paddles of Wisniewski's machine small valves are fitted to produce the same effect of downward compression which gives the necessary lift. When the paddles move upward the valves open and reduce air resistance. The total weight of the machine is 21,000 lb. and the paddles will give a lift of 22,000 lb. The pay load is to be 5,500 lb. and the estimated speed 300 m.p.h. The engine is a 1,000-h.p. Diesel oil, and it is calculated that with this enough power will be obtained to give the craft a nearly vertical take-off.

In 1843 the Aerial Transit Company sent up "The First Carriage—The Ariel," driven by steam, prints of which show volumes of smoke issuing from the tail of a very feasible machine. Like Sir Hiram Maxim's and other early attempts, the machine flew only a few yards. To-day three young men, the brothers Besler and C. B. E. Harts, have, after three years experimenting, achieved success with a steam plane that is capable of doing what most other planes can.

ST. JOHN TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from p. 52)

	Personnel	Cases
Trooping of the Colour - -	236	224
Epsom races - - - -	122	70
Inspection of special constables -	156	6
Ascot - - - - -	39	89
Easter holiday - - -	614	397
Whitsun - - - -	446	577
King of Iraq, arrival - - -	20	0
Road duties around London from January 1 - - -	1,224	173
Football, cinemas, etc. from January 1	36,559	4,226
Divisional duties (mostly sports, children's outings, parties) - -	1,377	861

The Royal Horse Show has always been a fruitful source of trouble. People got bitten, thrown, trodden on, and crushed against posts by the horses. It is the same at the Royal Military Tournament, but as this is a Services affair there is no call on the services of the St. John Ambulance.

It is one of the self-imposed duties of the Ambulance, however, to look after day-outings of limbless ex-Service men. The other day 1,200 of them went off to the seaside in two special trains. Once again the ubiquitous serving brothers of the venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem were there to lend a helping hand. And not one of them receives a penny for his services! They are the lifeboatmen of the land, or the fire brigade of health, with the distinction that except in the case of a few retired men they all have trades and professions to follow and are helping the sick in their spare time or on their holidays. Despite this, their efficiency reaches a very high standard indeed. Though their discipline is voluntary too, this also is excellent, and it is rare, indeed, for anybody to be asked to resign on the grounds of slackness. The usual length of service is about fourteen years, with the result that there is always youth, eagerness, and new blood in the ranks.

The importance of stretcher drill cannot be exaggerated. Before an injured person is moved, it is all-important to find out whether the hip is broken or the spine damaged. If it is, the greatest possible care must be taken in the handling of the patient from ground to stretcher and from stretcher to ambulance. As I have said earlier, it was the St. John Ambulance men who were chosen for this duty when the King was so ill. It would be impossible to give them a higher testimonial than this.

CHARLES LABUSSIÈRE

Much interest was aroused by the publication in the issue of THE SPHERE for June 24 of a plaque in memory of Labussière, the French actor who succeeded in rescuing a considerable number of contemporary actors from the guillotine. We now learn that the donor of this panel was Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge, the author of *Mirabeau* and other well-known works dealing with famous figures of the French Revolution period. Mr. Trowbridge points out that Labussière was not actually a member of the Comédie Française although he succeeded in saving the lives of many of the members of that famous company.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On July 10 the remainder of the boys and staff will go on board the new *Arethusa* Training Ship, which is now permanently moored at Upnor, near Rochester. £15,000 is still urgently needed for alterations, equipment, etc. Please send a donation so that this great work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services may be carried on. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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NOTES and NEWS

Captious critics of the way that industry is managed in Britain would get a shock if they could meet the employees of Messrs. Carreras—the great tobacco manufacturers—enjoying one of their annual outings. 4,000 of these "Black Cats," as they were nicknamed, went down to Margate on a recent Saturday as the guests of the directors of the company. They all partook of luncheon in an enormous marquee, 440 ft. long. Some idea of the magnitude of the catering side of this outing may be gleaned from the fact that over 200 waiters were on duty; while 3,000 lb. of meat were consumed, besides 12,000 cakes, 4 cwt. of cut cake, 6,000 rolls, and thousands upon thousands of other delicacies including over half a ton of ice cream. (One is reminded of the meal made by the monster who came out of the sea in the "Just So Story" of Suleiman-bin-Daoud!) And then besides that, there were over 12,000 plates—not to mention the cutlery—to be washed up. The success of such a day of mass enjoyment reflects great credit on the organizers; but above all it is a remarkable tribute to the prosperity of Messrs. Carreras—a bright spot in the rather gloomy aspect of things generally in the world at the moment.

THE BOOK FOR A PLEASURE CRUISE

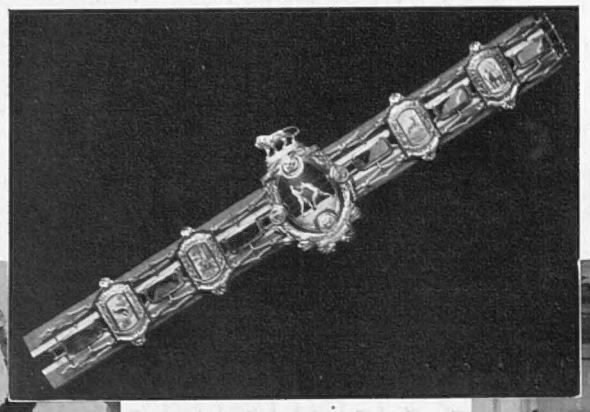
The growing popularity of pleasure cruising has prompted the timely production of a useful little book which should prove of use to everyone embarking on a pleasure cruise. Divided into two sections, one deals with the countries and ports of the Mediterranean, the other with the ship and life at sea. The latter will be found of practical value by every ocean tourist, no matter to what part of the world he may be going, for it conveys just the information he will be glad to get and will find so difficult to obtain elsewhere. All the secrets of the navigation and working of a modern pleasure cruiser are entertainingly explained, also the routine of social life on board. Deck sports, how to recognize the rank of officers by their uniforms, the meaning of nautical terms and signals, and scores of other matters that puzzle the average passenger are dealt with. Useful advice is even given on the vexed subject of tipping. There are numerous maps, plans, and illustrations. Written by seamen for landsmen and edited by a well-known figure in the cruising world, this is just the book to take on a cruise. (*Cruising In and Around the Mediterranean*. Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN SEARCH OF EXERCISE

The question of exercise on weekdays is always a problem in central London. An interesting new experiment to make mid-week exercise possible has just been started in the middle of London. It is the Vita-Lido, a swimming pool and sun-bathing lounge at 45, High Holborn.

Every provision is made to give the most beneficial exercises in a short time. As well as the swimming pool itself, it has a large room fitted up with all the latest gymnastic apparatus, including a gymno-wheel and mechanical horse. Special slimming apparatus is also provided.

As the whole place is floodlit with sun lamps giving exactly the same ray as midsummer sunshine, the real health tonic can be obtained. This new venture should certainly appeal to Londoners in search of exercise. It is open from eleven in the morning to midnight.



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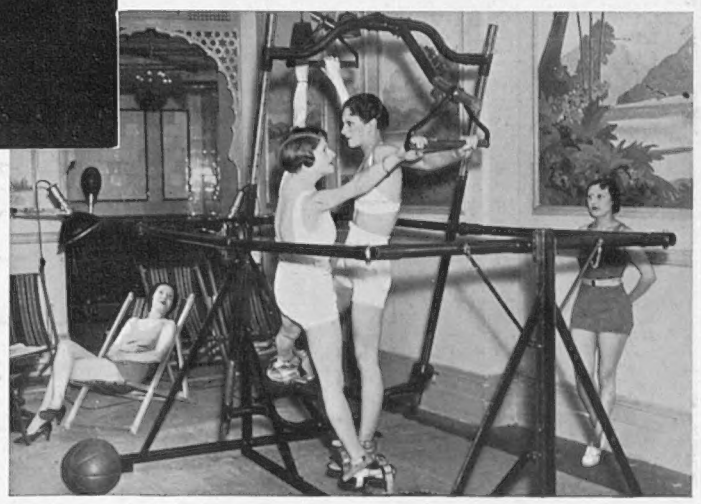
CARRERAS' OUTING: The "Black Cat" girls enjoying the sea breezes at Margate



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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - - Old Ship Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude - - - Falcon Hotel
Do. - - - Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)

Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Hailsham - - Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

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Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
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Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
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Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
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Do. - - Imperial Hotel
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London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
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Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
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Do. - - - Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
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Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham-on-Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Newquay - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
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Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
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Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
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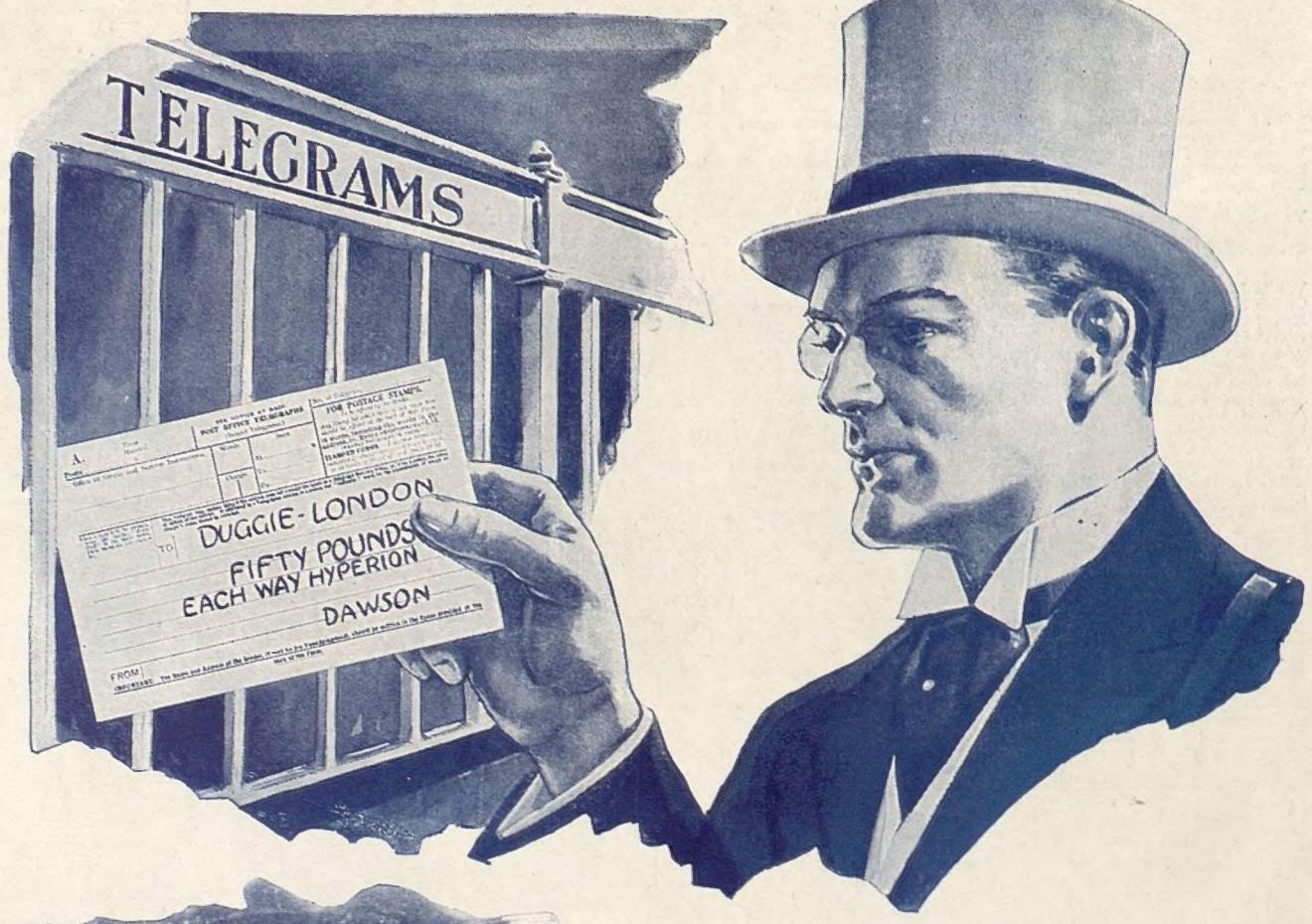

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